

CRACK

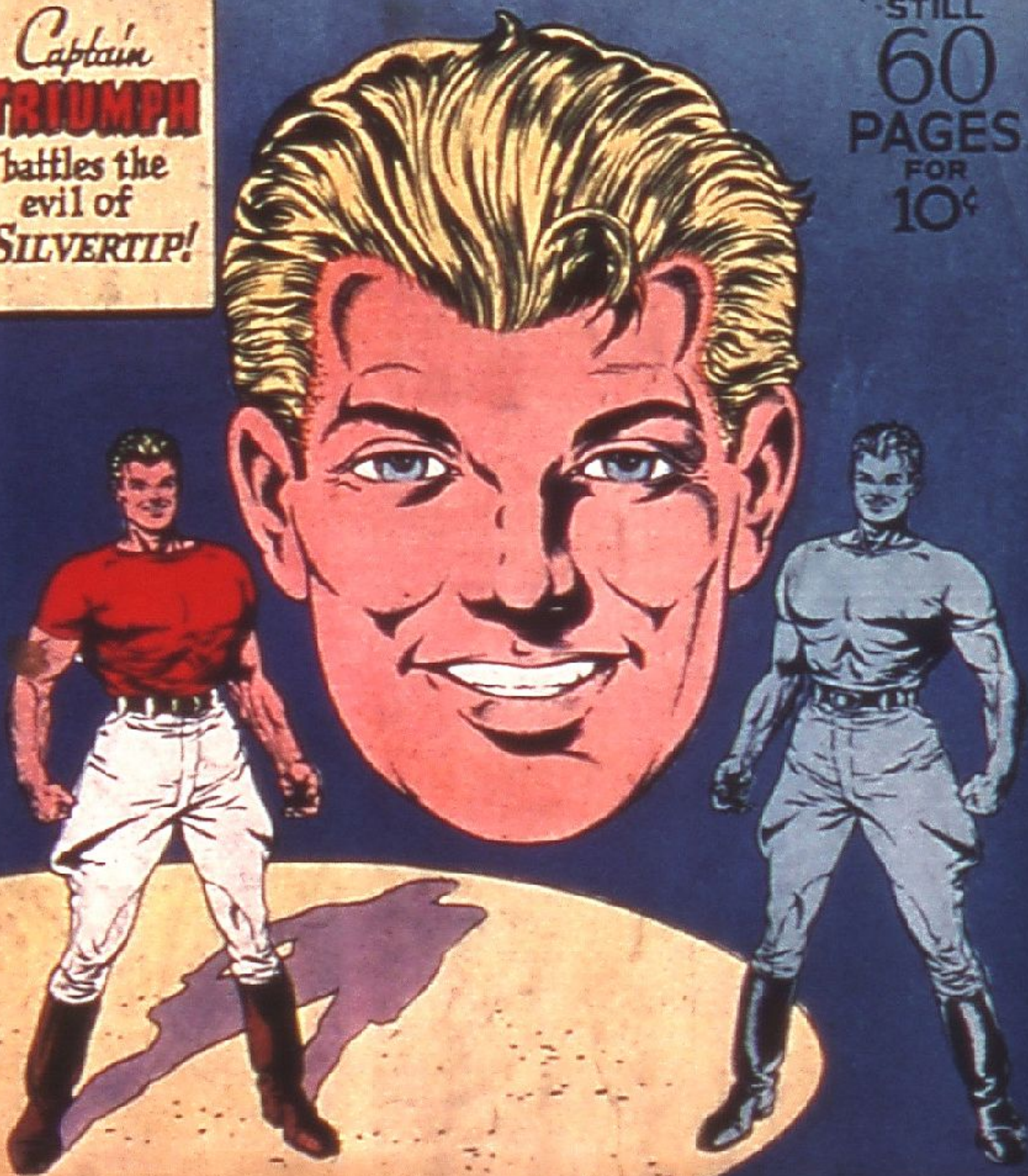
COMICS

6

SEPTEMBER
No. 44

Captain
TRIUMPH
battles the
evil of
SILVERTIP!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BE A REAL COMMANDO!

LOOK FELLAS—HERE'S A GUN YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN!

RAT
TAT
TAT



ALL METAL
Stock and mechanism. Tough and dependable!

ONLY

\$1.49

POSTPAID
or 3 for \$3.75

WHILE
THEY
LAST!

HARMLESS!
BUT

**LOOKS
AND SOUNDS
LIKE A REAL
SUBMACHINE
GUN**

USED BY U.S.
COMMANDOS AND
PARATROOPERS

IT'S A BARREL OF FUN!

Strong, Durable Construction

This is not a cheaply constructed toy, but a strong, durable mechanism made entirely of sturdy steel, and painted a real "GI" service green.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

THE COMMANDO MAN, Dept. 18
2256 N. Keating Ave., Chicago 29, Ill.
YES! I am enclosing \$1.49. Rush my Commando Submachine Gun quick. I understand I may examine it for 5 days. If not satisfied in every way, you'll refund my full price of \$1.49.
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Name

Address

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You Can Be the General in Any Man's Army

Yes sirree, Fellows. Here is a gun that any young Commando will be proud to own... and you should hear it "fire." It looks and sounds just like a real Submachine gun. You'll be the envy of every fellow in the neighborhood... and with a gun that shoots as fast as this one does, you'll always be on the winning side.

Limited Quantity! Hurry!

When our present stock is exhausted, there will be no more Commando Submachine Guns of this quality at this amazing low price of only \$1.49. So hurry, Fellows, send for yours today... now. Examine it for five days. If you don't say it's the greatest bargain you've ever seen, send it back and have every penny of your money returned. Mail coupon today!

THE COMMANDO MAN • Dept. 18, 2256 N. Keating Ave. • Chicago 29, Ill.

GIRLS!



A WHOLE WARDROBE OF GLAMOROUS, EXCITING BRACELETS... ONE FOR EVERY MOOD!

One of these thrilling bracelets is exactly the right touch for every single outfit you own! Get yours today! And remember, not one but ALL THREE are yours for only \$1.25.

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of simulated pink gold for the really big dates in your life



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Let your friends engrave their names with a nail file



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For your romantic mood

YOU'LL BE
THE ENVY OF
THE TOWN!

**ALL 3
FOR ONLY
\$1.25**

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MAIL COUPON!

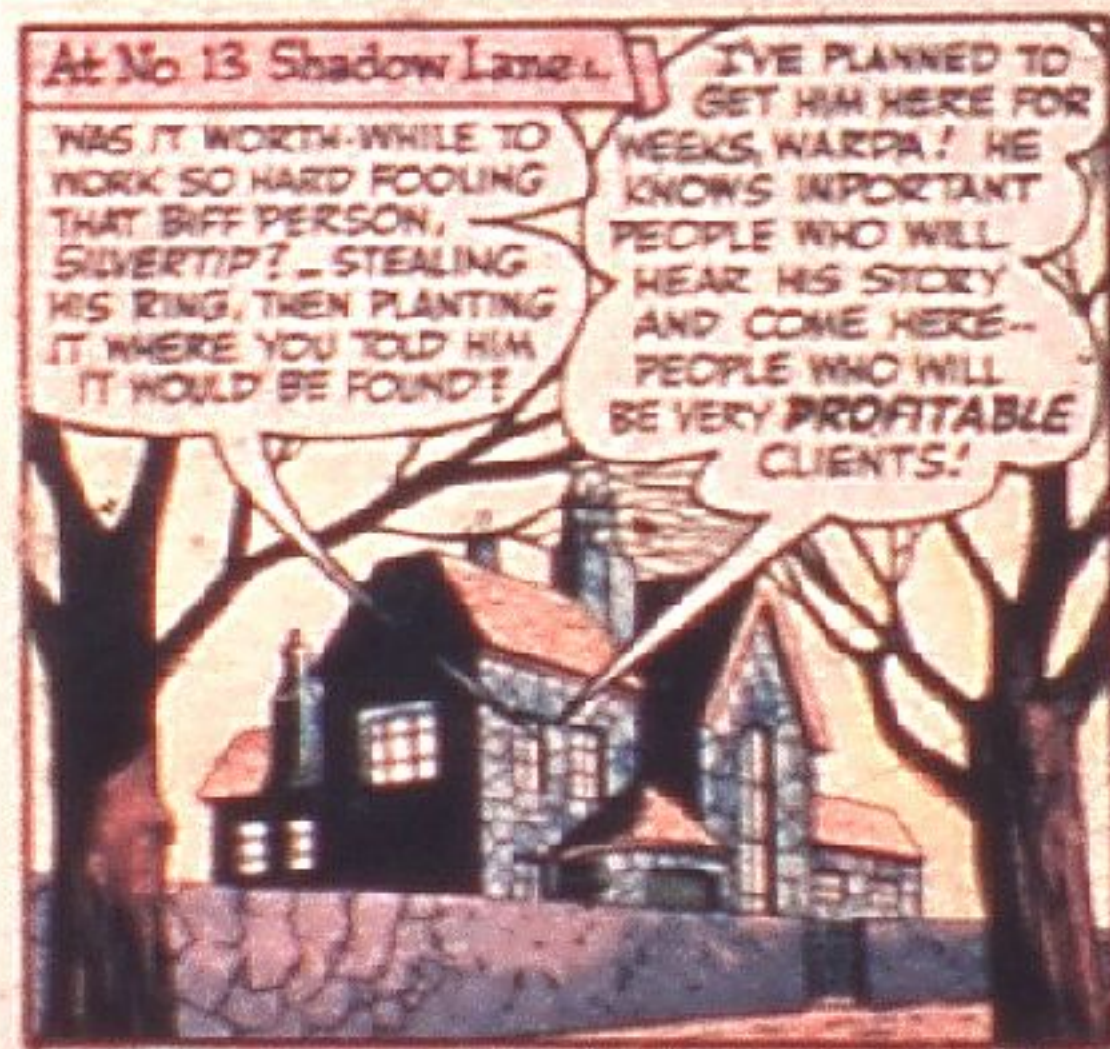
THE BRACELET LADY, Dept. 18, 2256 N. Keating Ave., Chicago 29, Illinois

CAPTAIN Triumph



Lance Gallant calls forth the spirit of his dead twin brother, Michael, to form the indomitable Captain Triumph!

LANCE GALLANT











Speeding like a cloud before a gale, Michael's ghost reaches Kim's home....

WHERE'S LANCE, BUFF? I MUST TELL HIM ABOUT THAT WONDERFUL MR. SILVERTIP! HE REALLY HAS POWER!

LANCE LEFT! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT!



PARDON ME, SIR. CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE HOME OF MISS KIM MEREDITH?

ARE YOU SILVERTIP? IF SO, I'M LOOKING FOR YOU!



I THINK YOU'RE A TRICKSTER—A FAKE! I WON'T ALLOW KIM TO FALL FOR YOUR SLEIGHT-OF-HAND MAGIC!

CAN'T WE ALLOW THE LADY TO JUDGE FOR HERSELF?



APPARENTLY THE ONLY THING THAT WILL CONVINCE YOU IS—

OWW!

I DISLIKE VIOLENCE—ALWAYS DISCOURAGE IT!



NOW, BEFORE YOU TRY USING THE OTHER FIST—

I SAW THE WHOLE THING, MISTER! YOU WERE ACTING IN SELF DEFENSE!



I'LL CALL THE PADDY WAGON AND TAKE HIM TO JAIL!

AND I'LL DROP AROUND LATER AND PREPARE CHARGES! MANY THANKS!



AH, MISS MEREDITH! MAY LANCE! I HAVE TO FIND LANCE!



At a neighborhood station where Lance Gallant is unknown...

THIS GUY STARTED A FIGHT, SARGE! GOT THE WORST OF IT!

LOOK HIM UP TILL HE COMES TO!



WAKING UP, BUB? WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS?

MMM... I DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER RIGHT NOW!



KINDA KNOCKED YOUR MEMORY OUT, EH? BETTER WASH UP AND SEE THE DOC! HE'LL BE INTERESTED IN YOUR CASE!

WASH UP? OH, YES!



To Lance's dimmed memory, not even the strange mark he has borne from birth is familiar...

THAT THING ON MY WRIST! WHAT IS IT—A SPOT OF INK?



IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WASH OFF!

JUPITER, JASON AND JOCASTA!



Unwittingly rubbing the birthmark, Lance has merged with Michael's spirit into **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**

WHAT GOES ON? I DON'T LIKE THESE QUICK CHANGES—I'M LOCKING YA IN!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

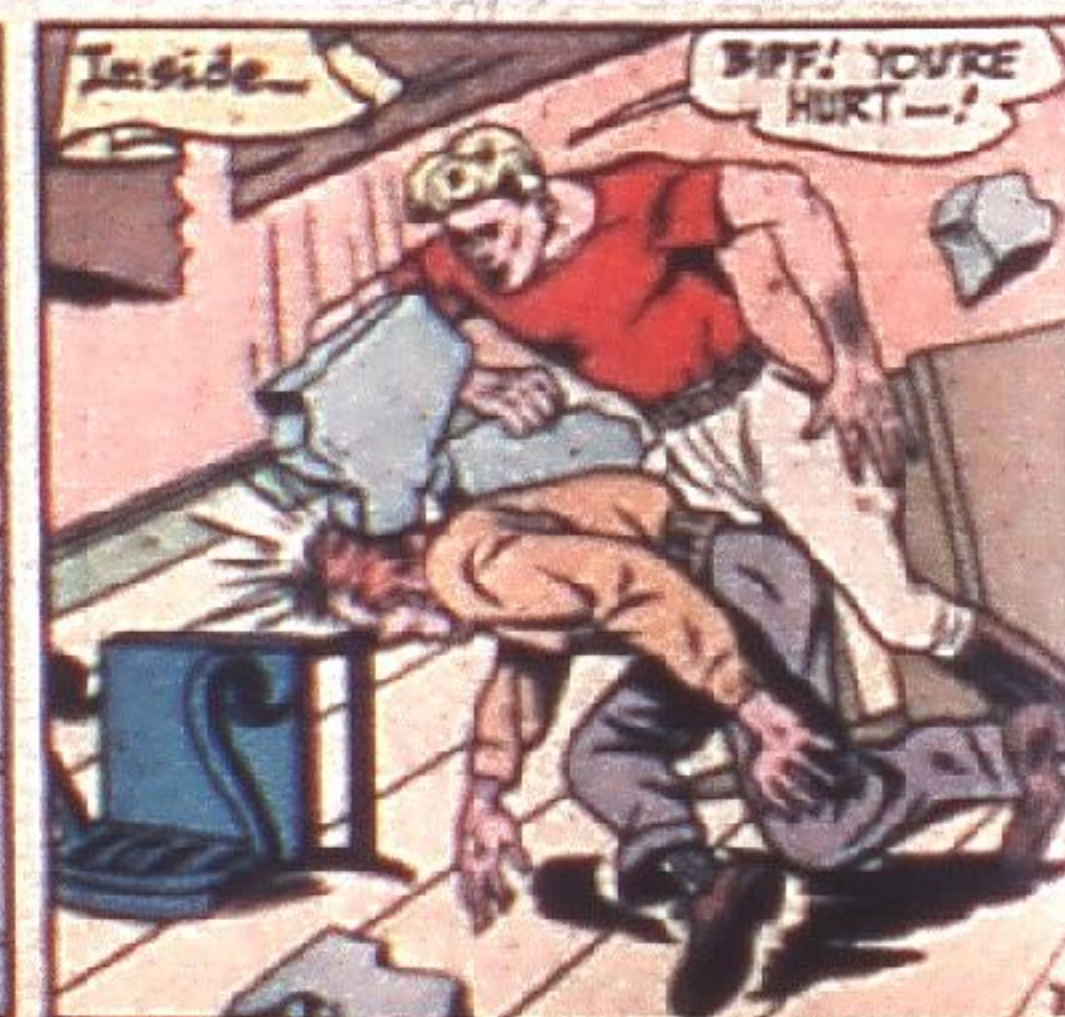
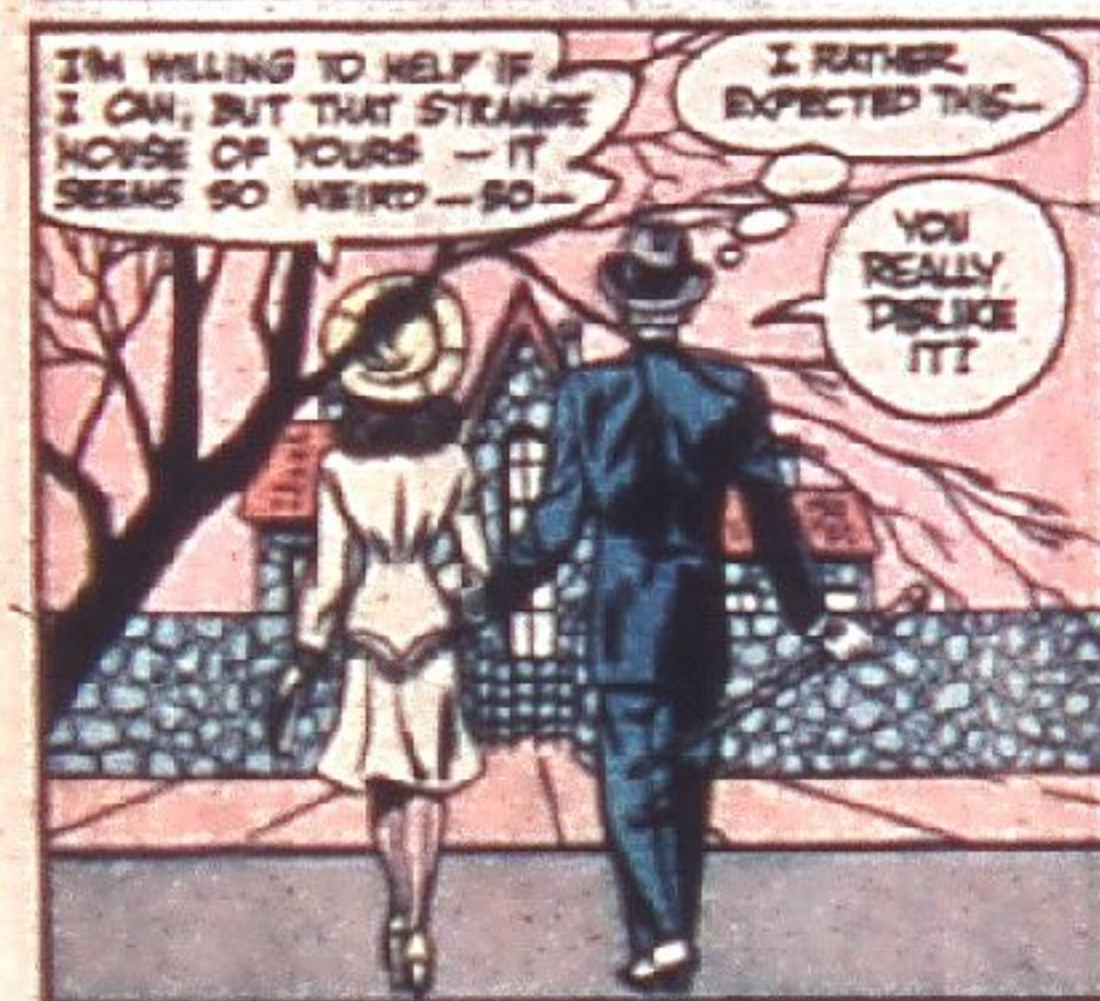


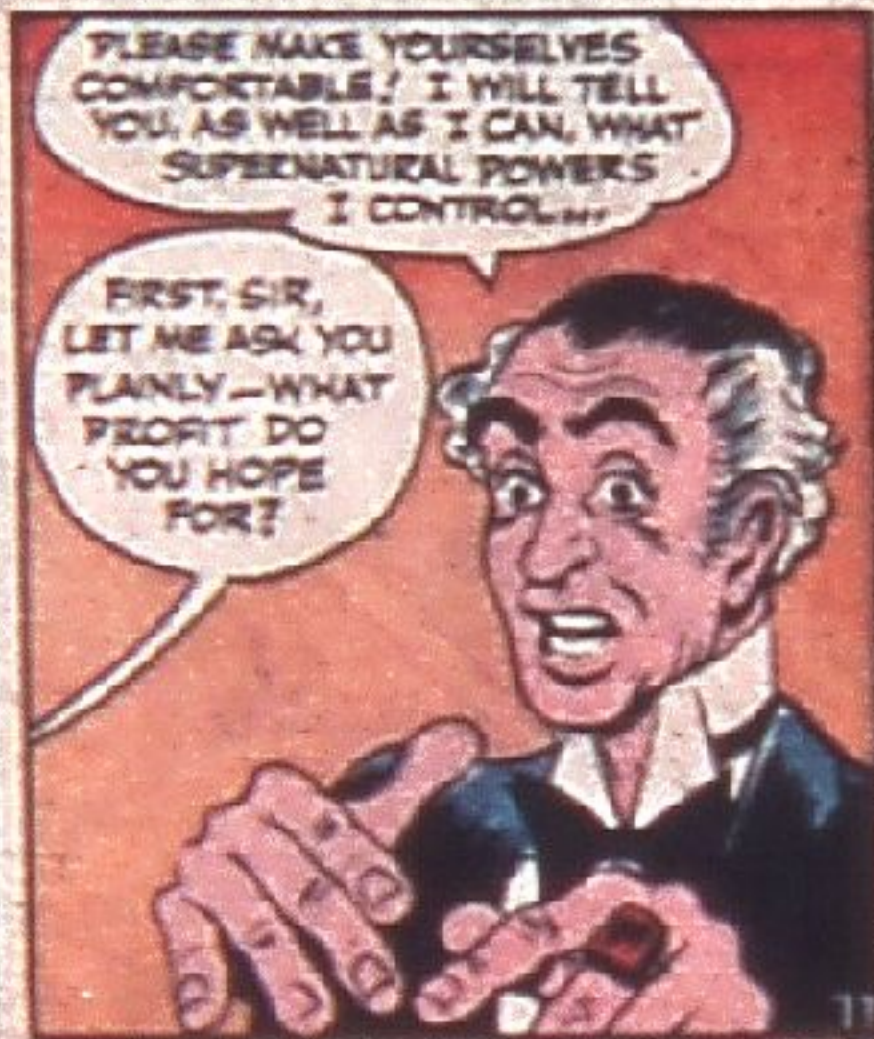
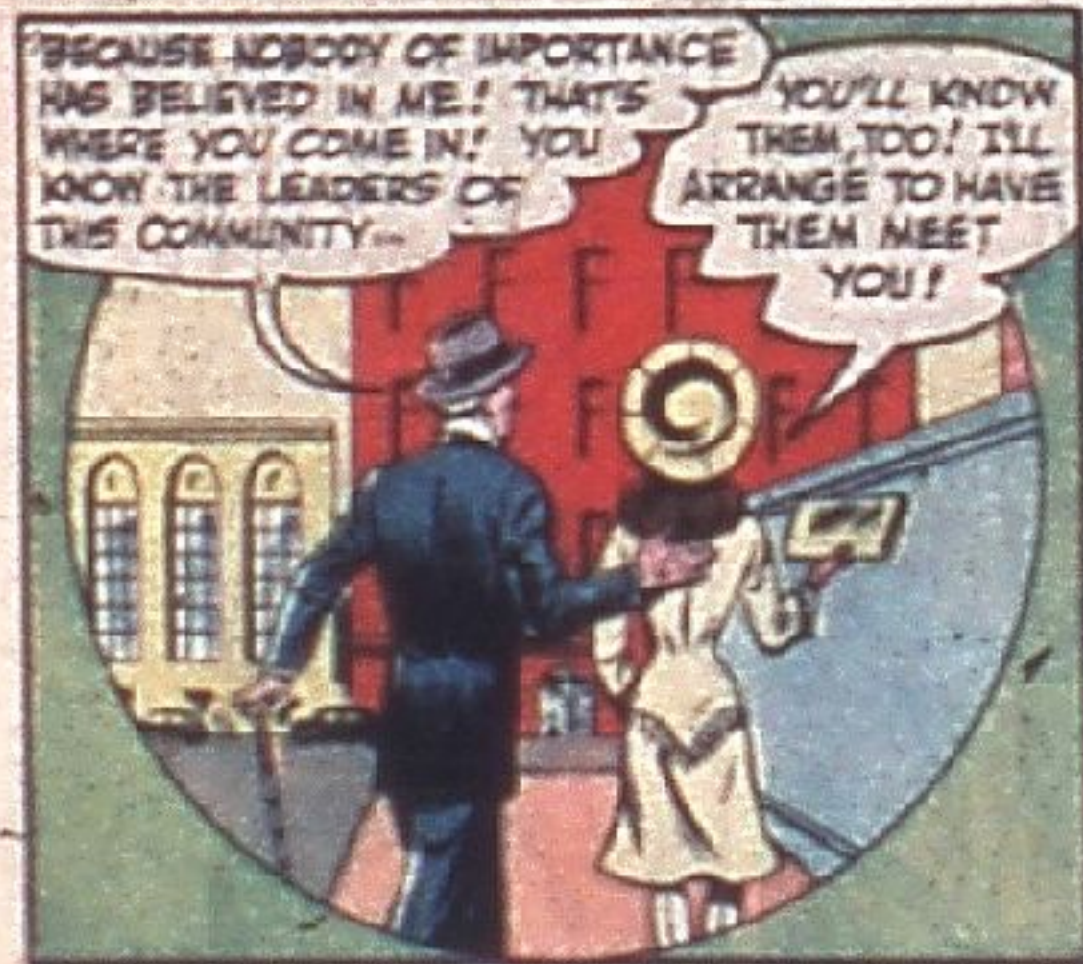
YOU MUST BE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

RIGHT! AND I HAVE AN URGENT APPOINTMENT WITH SILVERTIP!









I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME! I HAVE NO IDEA OF PROFIT, ONLY THE WISH TO HELP — TO GIVE YOU ADVICE ABOUT YOUR LIVES, YOUR FINANCIAL PROBLEMS, YOUR PROFESSIONS!

GIVE HIM A CHANCE! HE'LL PROVE HOW GREAT HE IS!



The police rush to 13 Shadow Lane at the report of disaster —

STAMP BACK! LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER EXPLOSION!

NO, OFFICER! THIS IS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH — GETTING OUT OF A TRAP!



YOUR PAL HURT BAD, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH?

JUST STUNNED! TAKE CARE OF HIM WHILE I BRING UP SOMEBODY NOT SO FORTUNATE!



DEAD — BUT NOT IN THE BLAST! LOOK, AND YOU'LL SEE A BULLET WOUND!

WHAT — MURDER? WHAT'S BACK OF ALL THIS?



WE RESERVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BRINGING IN THE KILLER, OFFICER! COME ON, BIFF!

FIRST WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE KIM! ANYBODY WE COULD TELEPHONE SOME OF HER FRIENDS!



I'M CALLING RALPH TEN EYCK — PERHAPS HE CAN GIVE ME SOME INFORMATION!



SORRY, SIR! MR. TEN EYCK IS OUT! HE WENT TO A MEETING AT 88 TERRACE BOULEVARD!

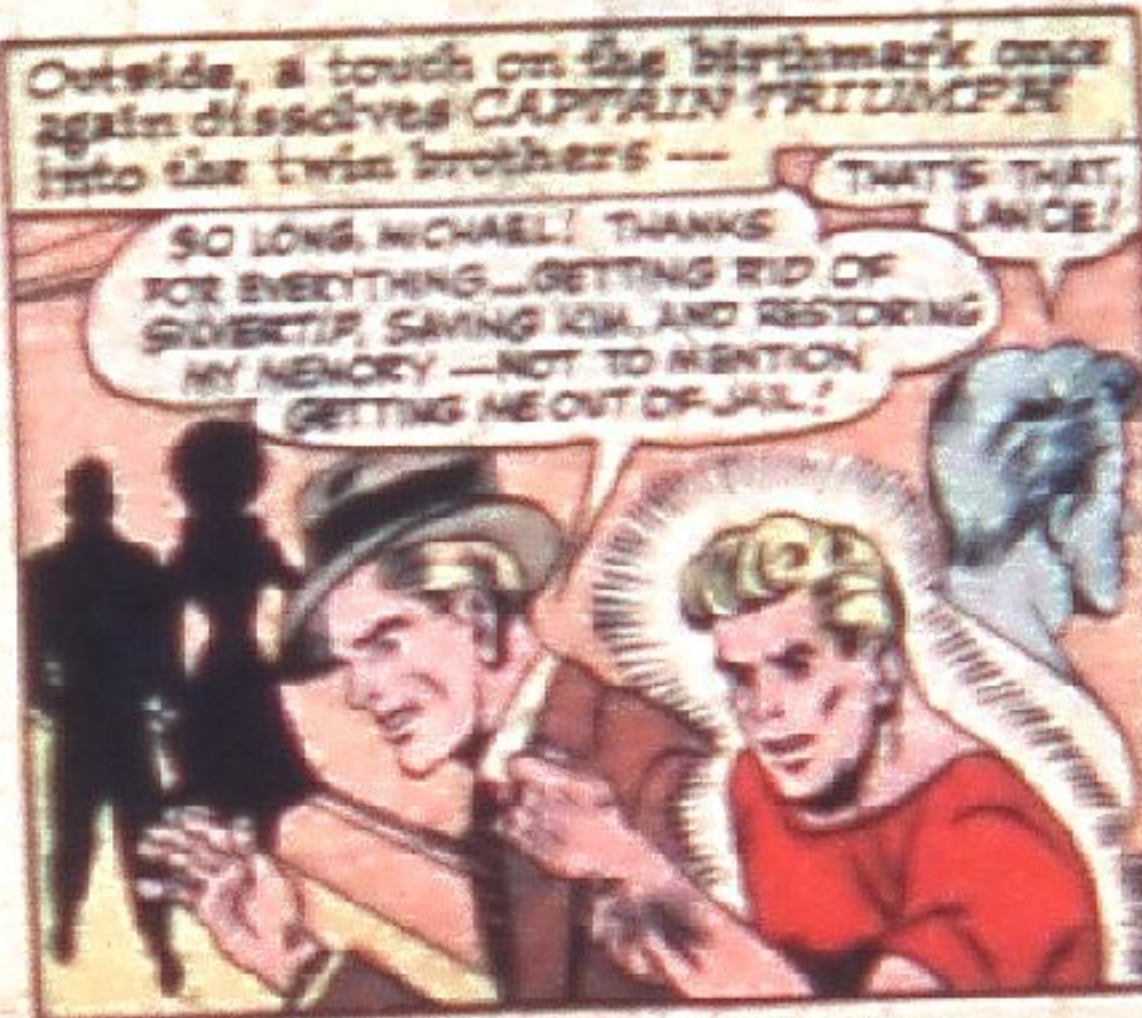
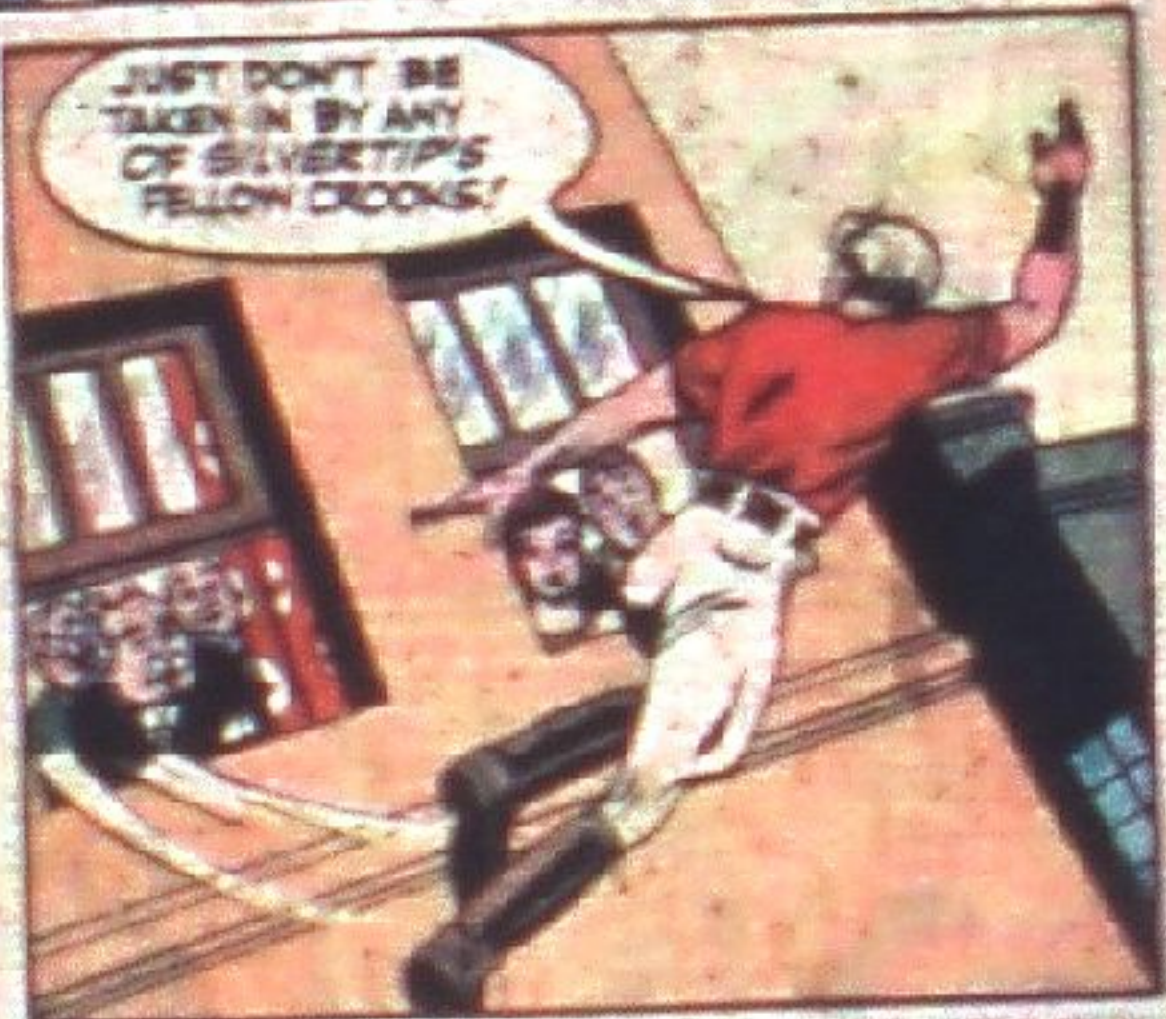
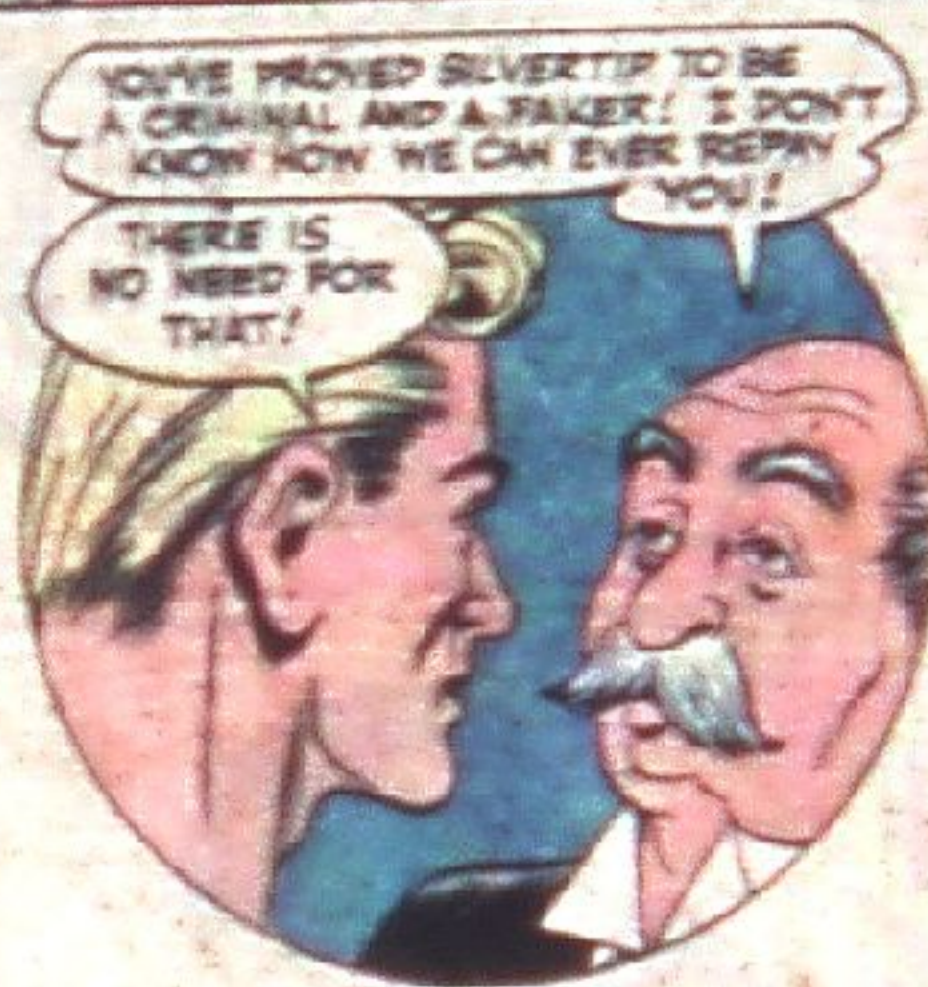


MRS. CARLTON WENT TO 88 TERRACE BOULEVARD AN HOUR AGO! NO, I DON'T KNOW THE TELEPHONE NUMBER! — I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO LIVES THERE!

YOU SAY MRS. CARLTON ISN'T IN? I'M TRYING TO LOCATE KIM MEREDITH!







Kiki Kelly



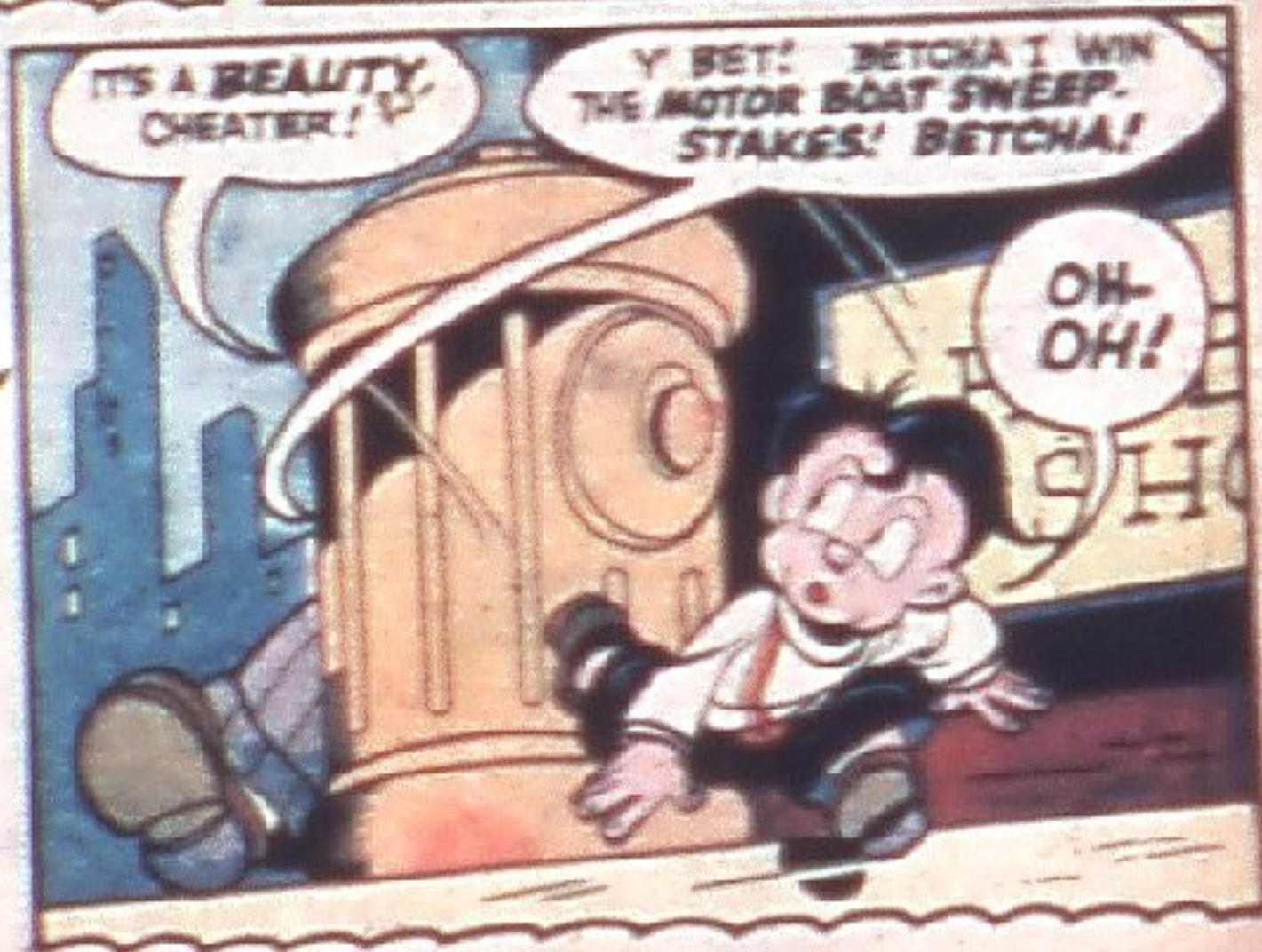
CRACK COMICS

INKIE

He's the **WORLD'S SMALLEST** fellow, just the size of your little finger!
And he makes the best **MODEL MOTOR BOAT** pilot you ever saw!

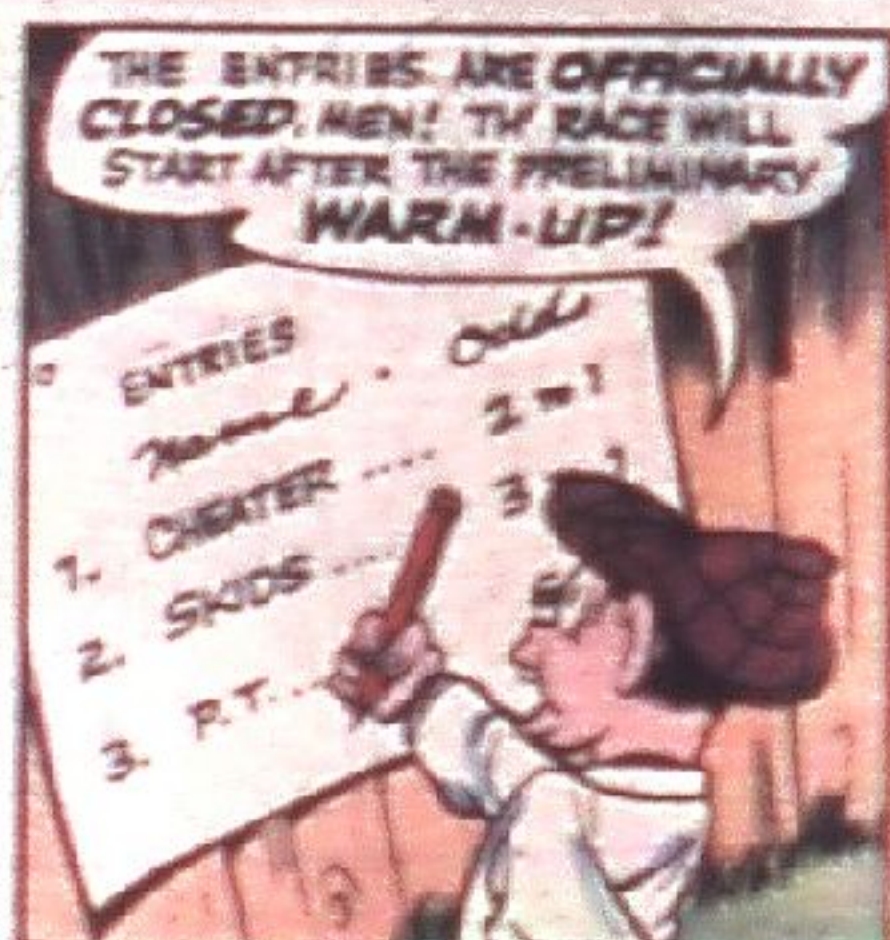


I'LL BET SOME LUCKY KID WOULD GIVE HIS BEST BASEBALL BAT TO HAVE ME PILOT ONE OF 'EM!

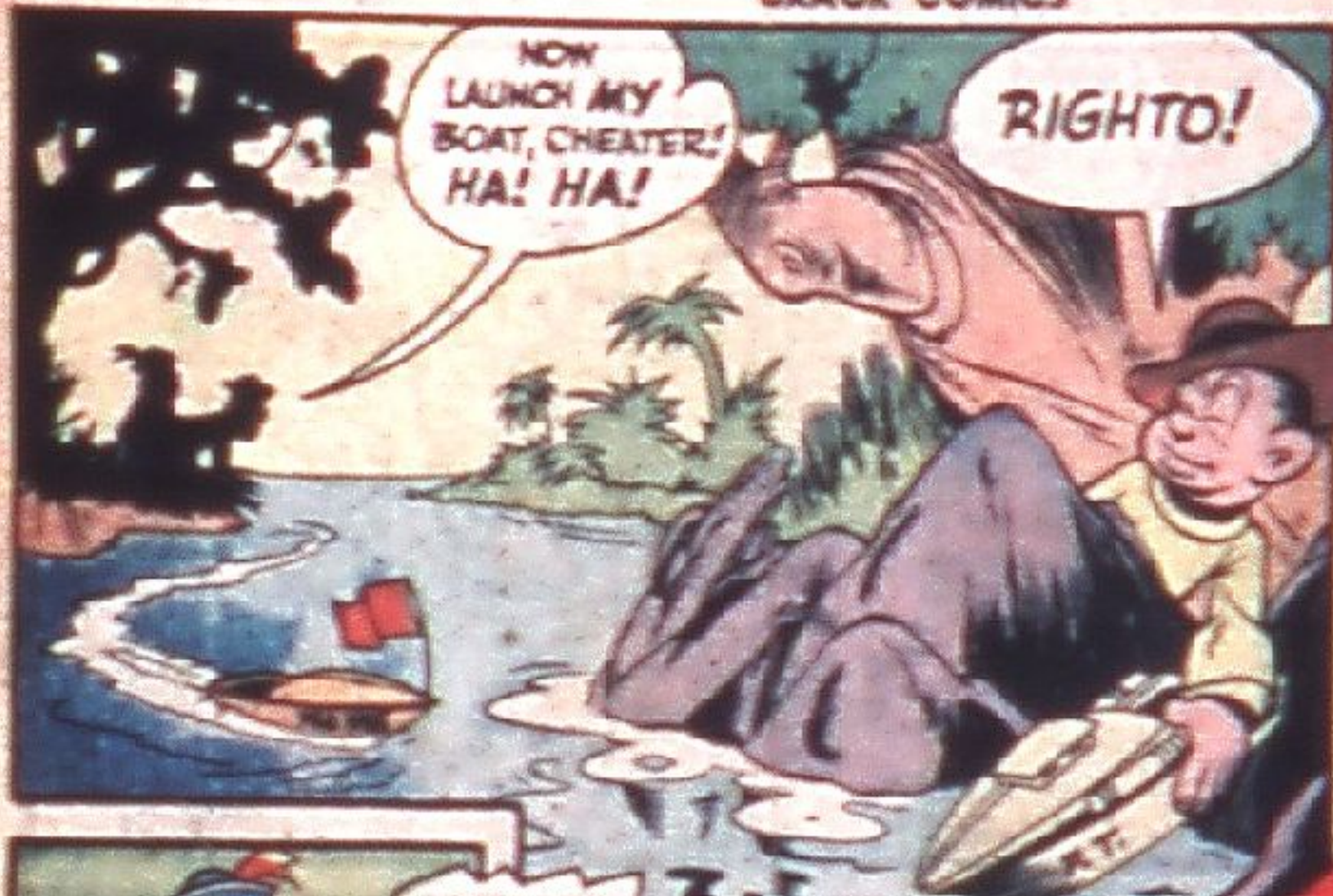


IT'S A BEAUTY, CHEATER!

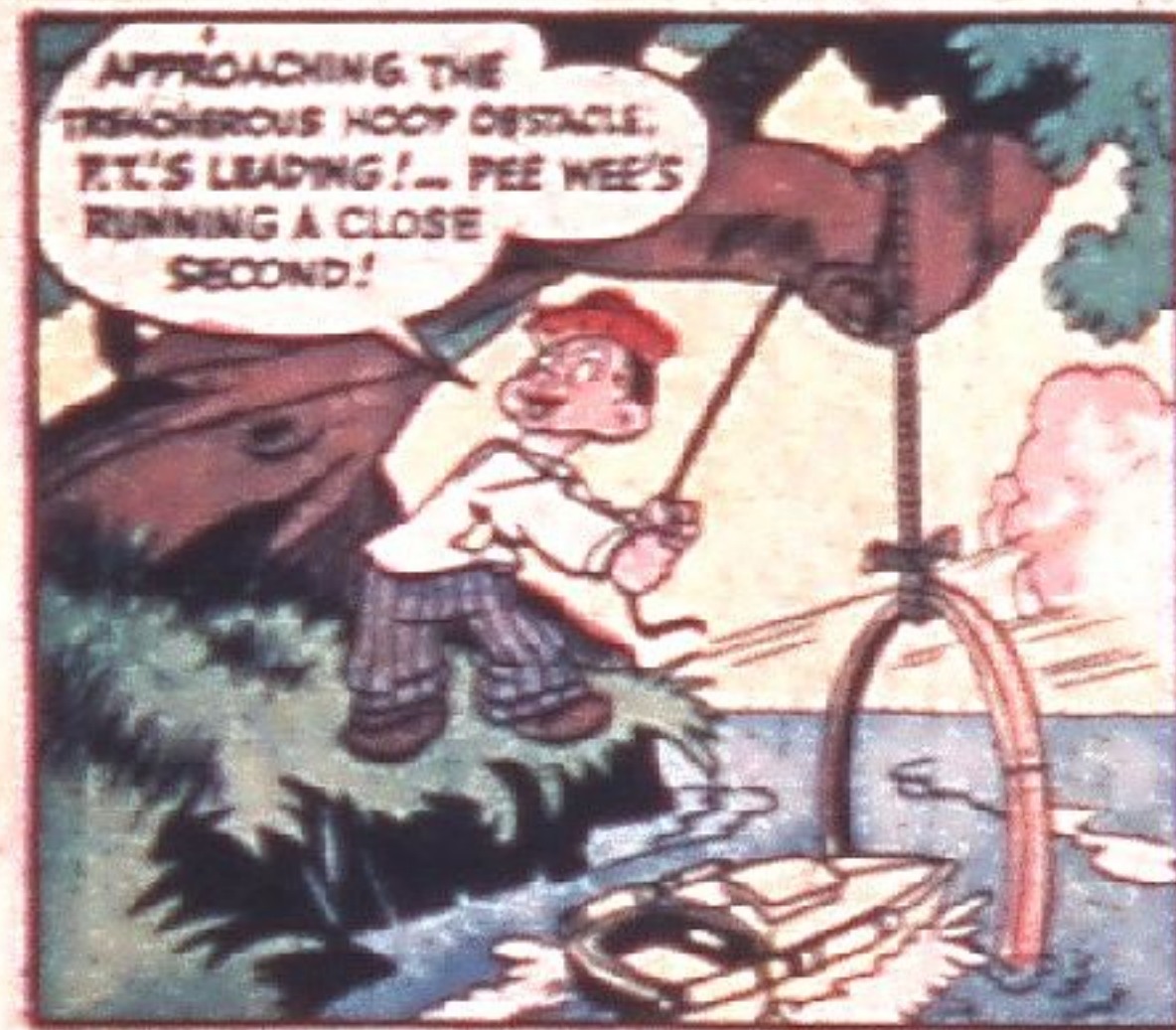
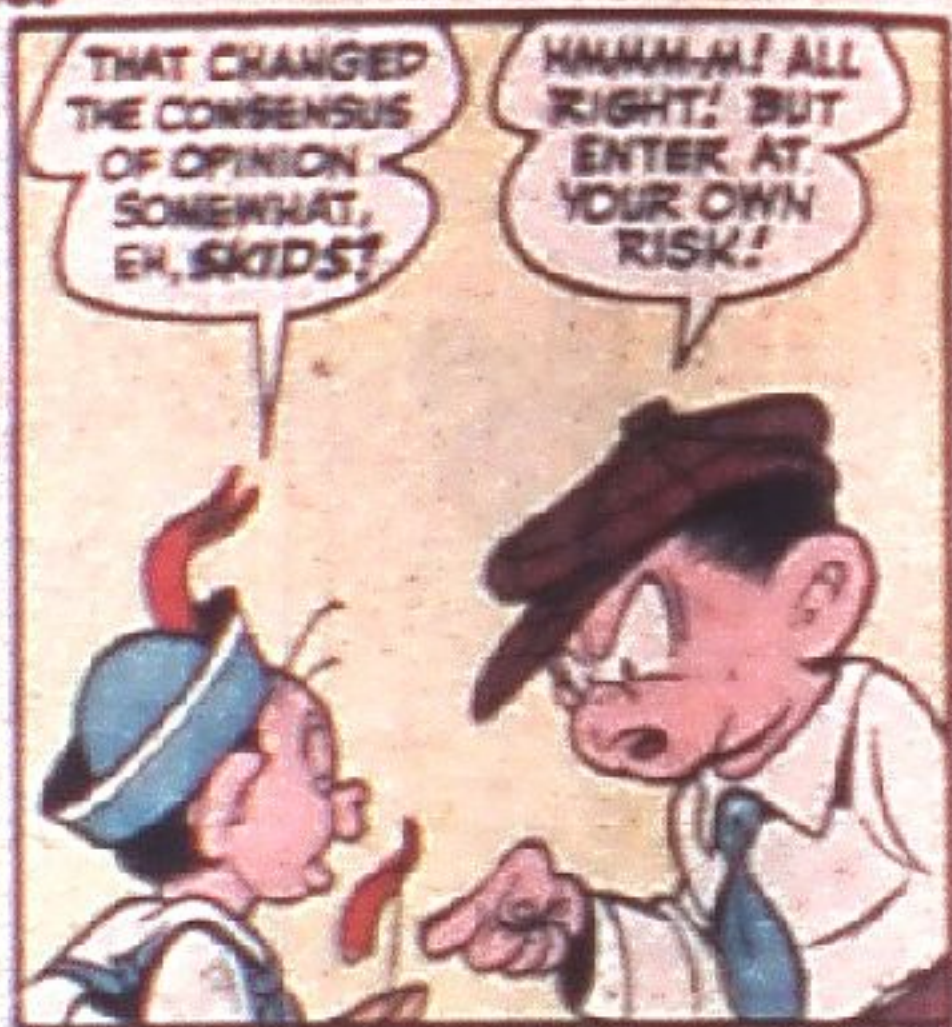
Y BET! BETCHA I WIN THE MOTOR BOAT SWEEP-STAKES! BETCHA!

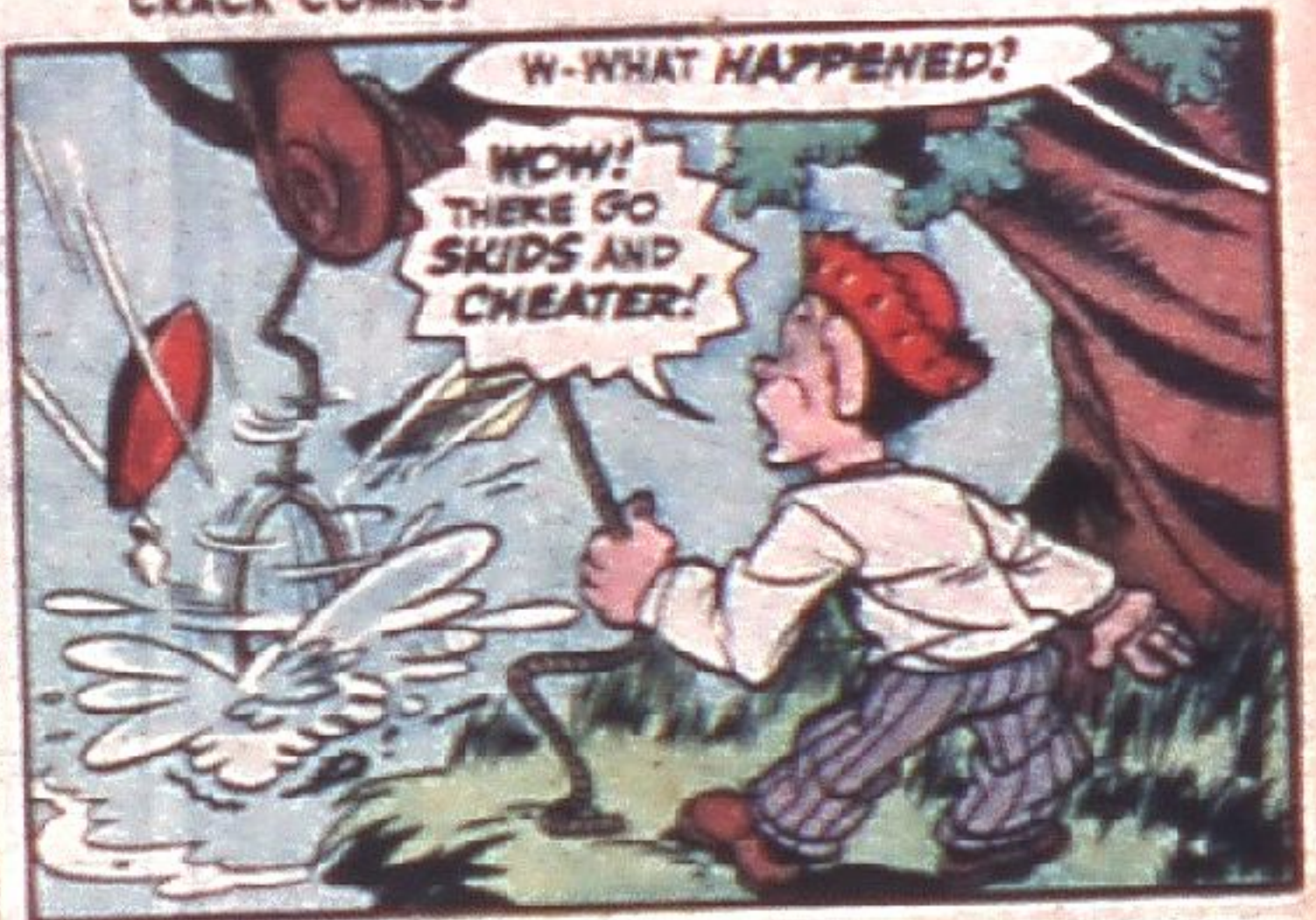






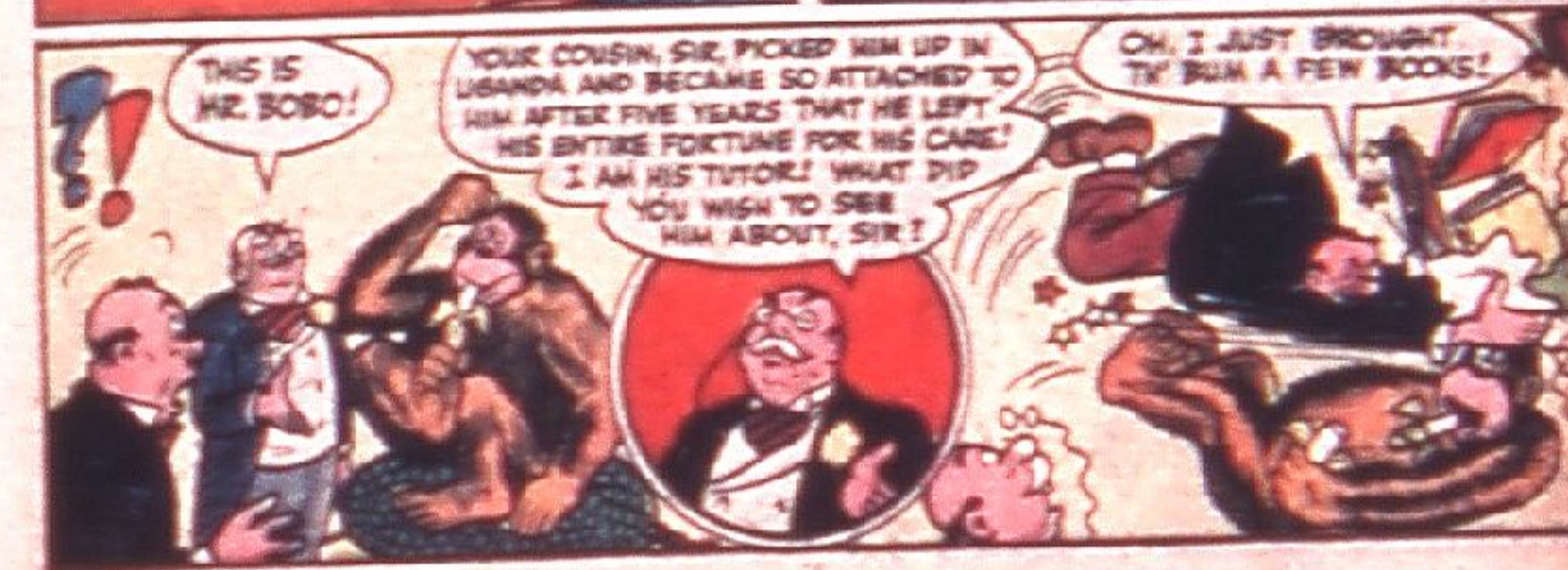
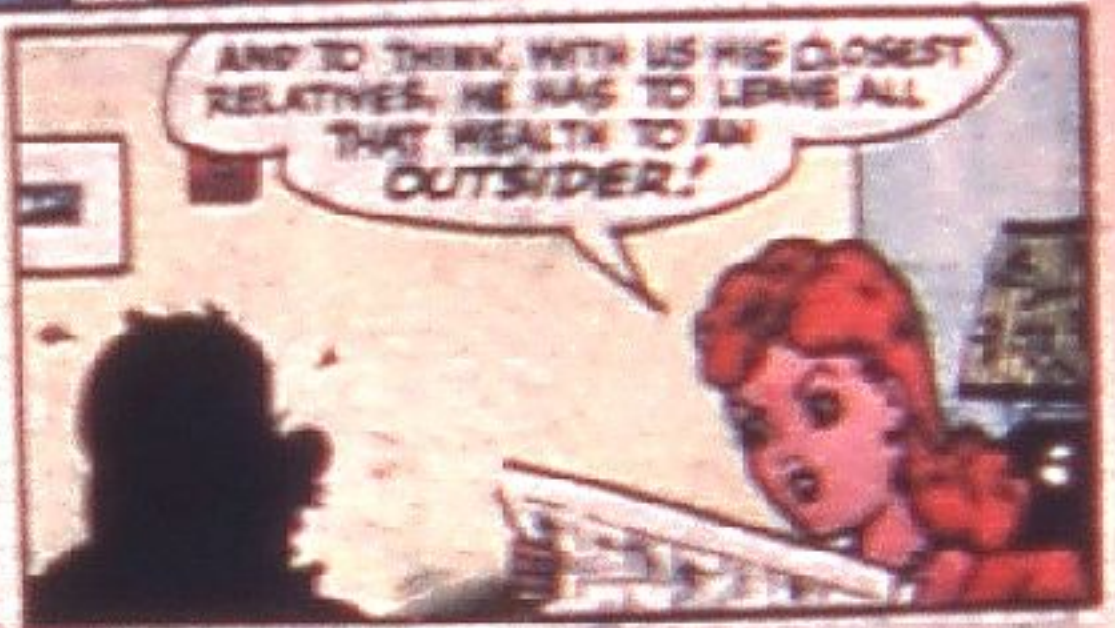




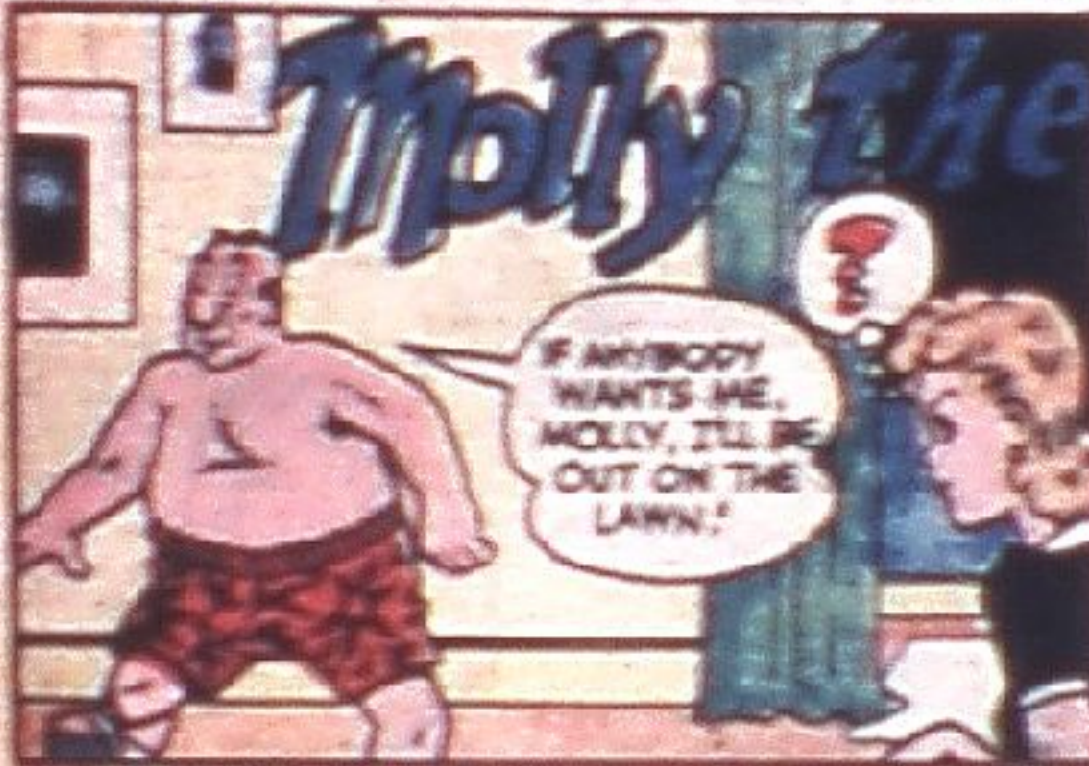




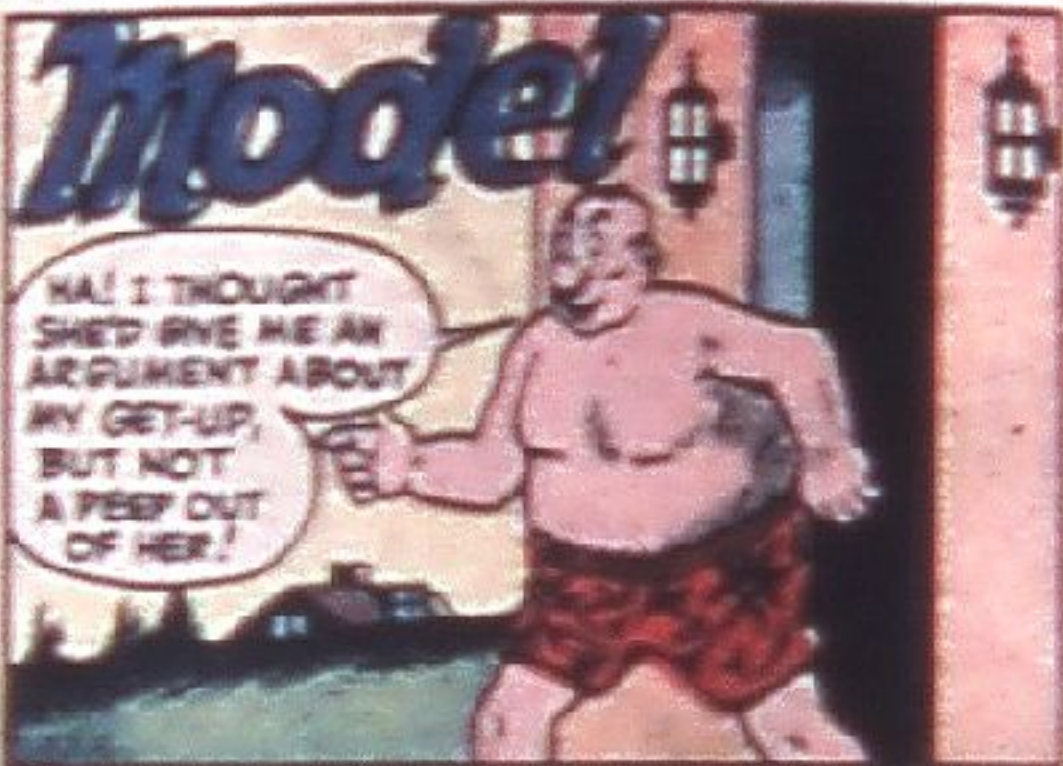
MOLLY the MODEL



Molly the



Model!

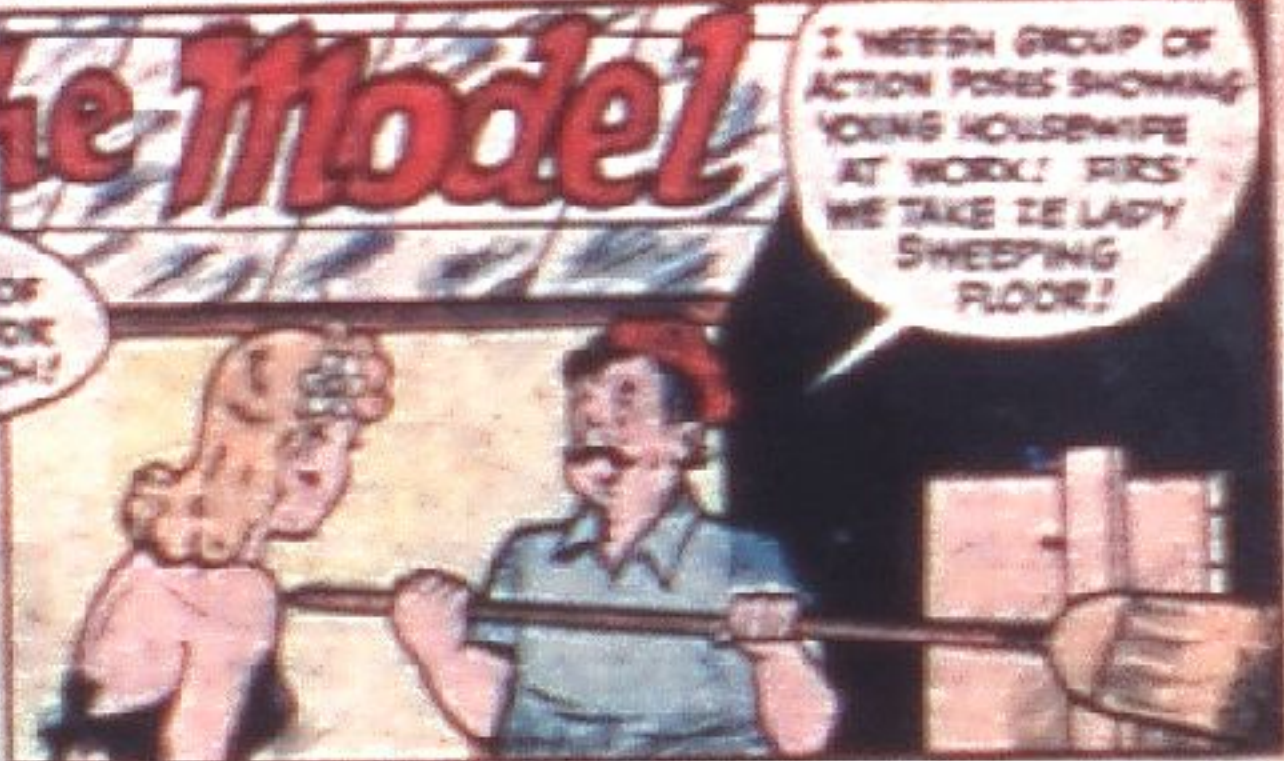
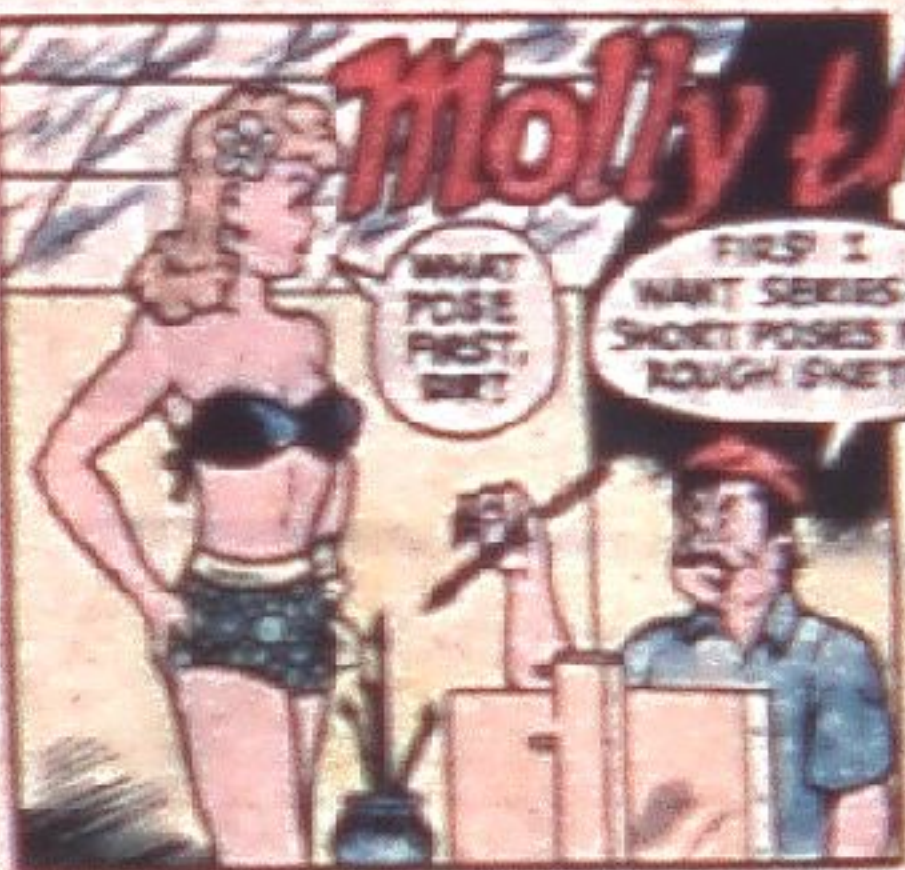


Molly the Model

I NEED A GROUP OF ACTION POSES SHOWING YOUNG HOUSEWIFE AT WORK! FIRS' WE TAKE ZE LADY SWEEPING FLOOR!

WHAT POSE FIRST, BERT?

FIRS' I WANT SERIES OF SHORT POSES FOR ROUGH SKETCH!



FOR ZE SAKE OF REALISM, JUS' FORGET ZERE IS AN ARTIST HERE AT ALL! NOW, SWEEP, PLIZ!



GOOD! FINE! MAKE ZE DUST REALLY FLY!



SUPERS! MAGNIFIQUE! NEVER HAVE I SEE SUCH REALISTIC FLOOR SCRUBBING!



OR SUCH DIVINE, GRACEFUL DISH WASHING! VOILA!



ARE YOU TIRED? I'M UTTERLY EXHAUSTED!

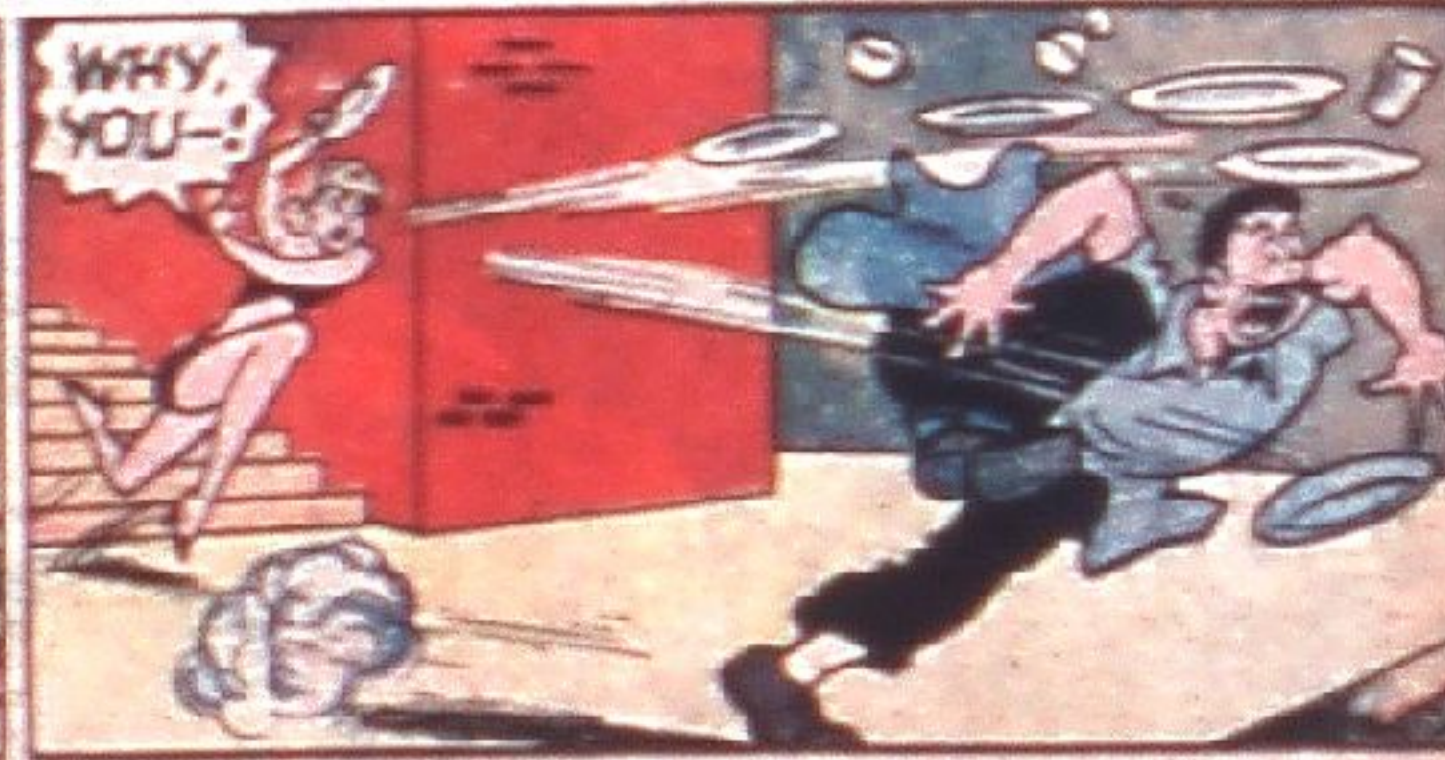
BUT EES FINISH AT LAST! AM I AM SO HAPPY!



WHAT'S FINISHED? YOU HAVEN'T SKETCHED A SINGLE LINE!



NO! BUT YOU SEE, IT EES EEM-POS-4-BREL TO HIRE SCRUB LADY, SO I—



WHY, YOU—!

Hack O'Hara

Four skylarking old grads, a murder gun, and one dead passenger! The whole thing added up to a headache for one tough, crime-hating New York cabbie named Hack O'Hara!



DOWN BY THE OLD
MILL STUH-REAM--

DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?

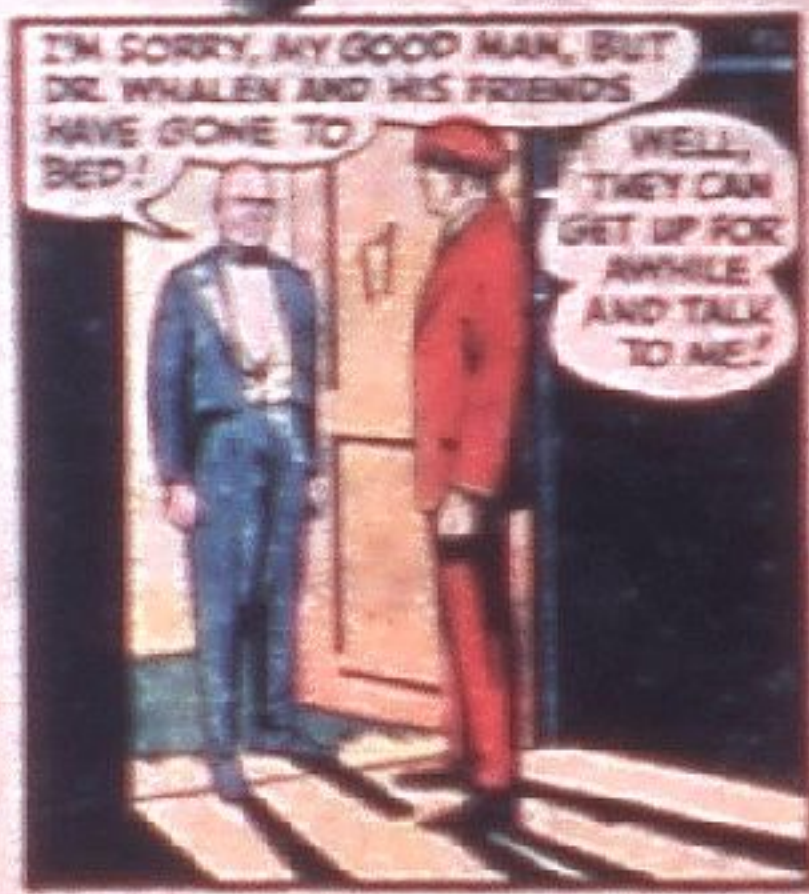
TAXI!

THE BOYS HAVE BEEN HAVING
A BIG NIGHT! CLASS REUNION!
TAKE 'EM TO
17 RUXTON
PLACE!

RIGHT!

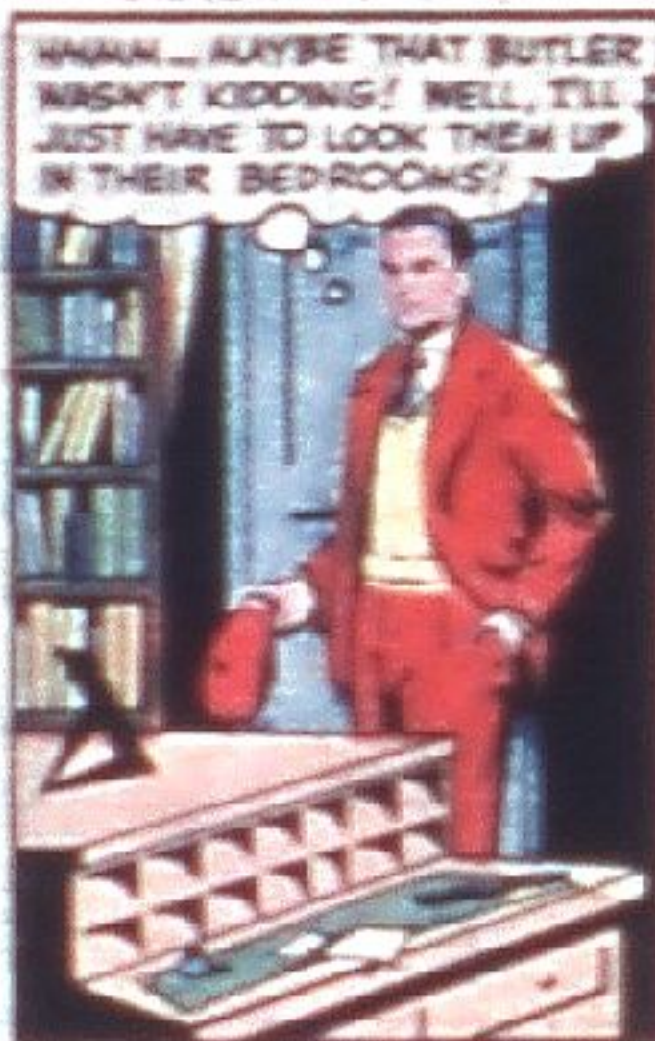








ONE SIDE, JEEVES!



WHAM!... MAYBE THAT BUTLER WASN'T KIDDING! WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO LOOK THEM UP IN THEIR BED-ROOMS!

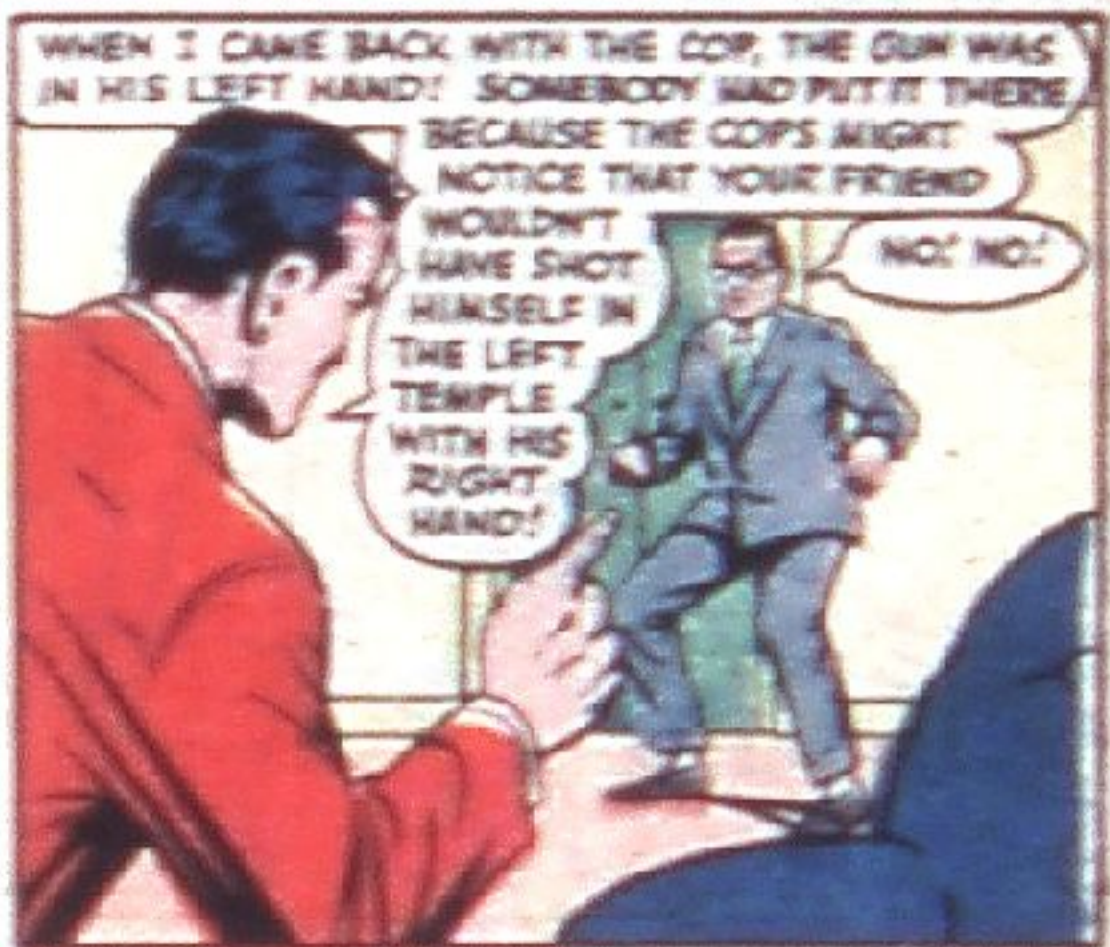


ER... PARDON ME!



YOU! WH... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERING ME! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT EXPLAIN! THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE GUN THAT KILLED YOUR FRIEND IT WAS IN HIS RIGHT HAND!



WHEN I CAME BACK WITH THE COP, THE GUN WAS IN HIS LEFT HAND! SOMEBODY HAD PUT IT THERE BECAUSE THE COPS MIGHT NOTICE THAT YOUR FRIEND WOULDN'T HAVE SHOT HIMSELF IN THE LEFT TEMPLE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND!

NO! NO!



ADMIT IT!

DON'T TOUCH ME! I KNEW IT WOULDN'T WORK! CURSE WHALEN—



YOU MUST FORGIVE MR. FAVORS! HE GETS HYSTERICAL! BUT I'VE BEEN TREATING HIM FOR A LONG TIME AND I KNOW HOW TO CALM HIS NERVES!



NOW I'VE FIXED IT SO NONE OF 'EM CAN TALK!



SAY, HE DIDN'T USE MUCH OF THIS STUFF ON THAT GUY! THE POOR CLUCK PROBABLY JUST KEELED OVER IN A FAINT! HE WAS SCARED ENOUGH! I'LL PHONE THE COPS AND TELL THEM WHAT I KNOW!



A FEW GENTLE SLAPS MIGHT BRING HIM AROUND! THERE, IT'S WORKING!



FINISH THE STORY ... AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

WE PLANNED IT ... BUT IT WAS WHALEN'S IDEA AND HE SHOT GALLEY! THE FOUR OF US HAD BEEN INVOLVED IN A ... A ... HAZING ACCIDENT WHEN WE WENT TO COLLEGE! THE POLICE CALLED IT MURDER ... BUT NOBODY EVER FOUND OUT WE HAD DONE IT!



OLIVER GALLEY'S CONSCIENCE BOTHERED HIM! HE SUFFERED FOR YEARS! THEN TONIGHT HE SWORE HE WOULD TELL THE WORLD WE WERE GUILTY!

AND WHALEN GOT THE BRIGHT IDEA OF KILLING HIM IN A CAB SO THE CABBY COULD TESTIFY IT WAS SUICIDE!

ONLY HACK O'HARA NOTICED THAT THE GUN HAD BEEN SWITCHED FROM RIGHT HAND TO LEFT! HACK, YOU OUGHT TO BE ON THE FORCE! WE HEARD EVERY WORD OF THAT CONFESSION!

BLAST YOU, FAVERS, YOU'VE SENT US ALL TO THE CHAIR!



AND HERE'S YOUR FIVE DOLLARS, DOC! I DON'T ACCEPT TIPS FROM KILLERS WHO FIGURE I'LL BE SO HAPPY ABOUT THE DOUGH I'LL FORGET TO THINK!



SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

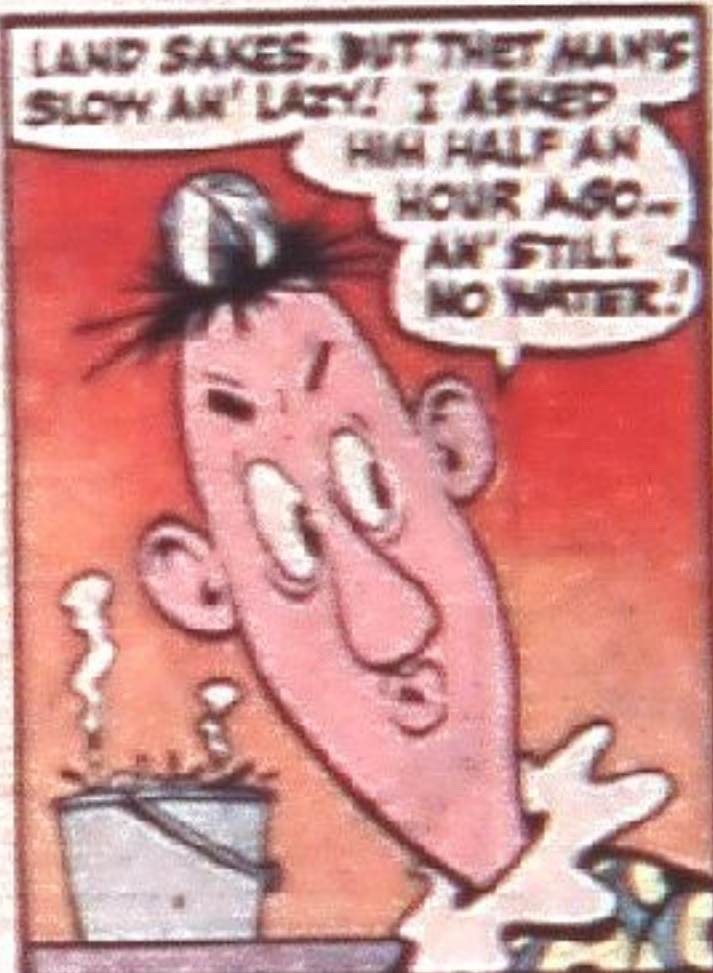


PAPPY, COULD YUH
HEBBE FETCH ME
SOME WATER?

BURP! POPE! FEELZ-Z-EZ
DAD-NABBIT, WOMAN! YUH
OUGHTER KNOW BETTERN
TO DISTURB ME WHEN
AHM RESTIN'!



SHIVERIN' TIMBERS! 'AT
MAKES ME ORNERY! NOW
GIT ON WITH COOKIN'
VITTALS! AH'LL FETCH
YOUR OL' WATER
FER YUH!



LAND SAKES, BUT THET MAN'S
SLOW AN' LAZY! I ASKED
HIM HALF AN
HOUR AGO--
AN' STILL
NO WATER!



AH THOT SO! LOOKIT 'IM!
-- SOUND ASLEEP!



SO THET'S TH' WAY
Y' FETCH ME WATER,
EH?

BURP! POPE! FEELZ-Z-EZ DING BLAST
YUH, WOMAN-- I'M
A-TRYIN' T'FETCH
YUH WATER!



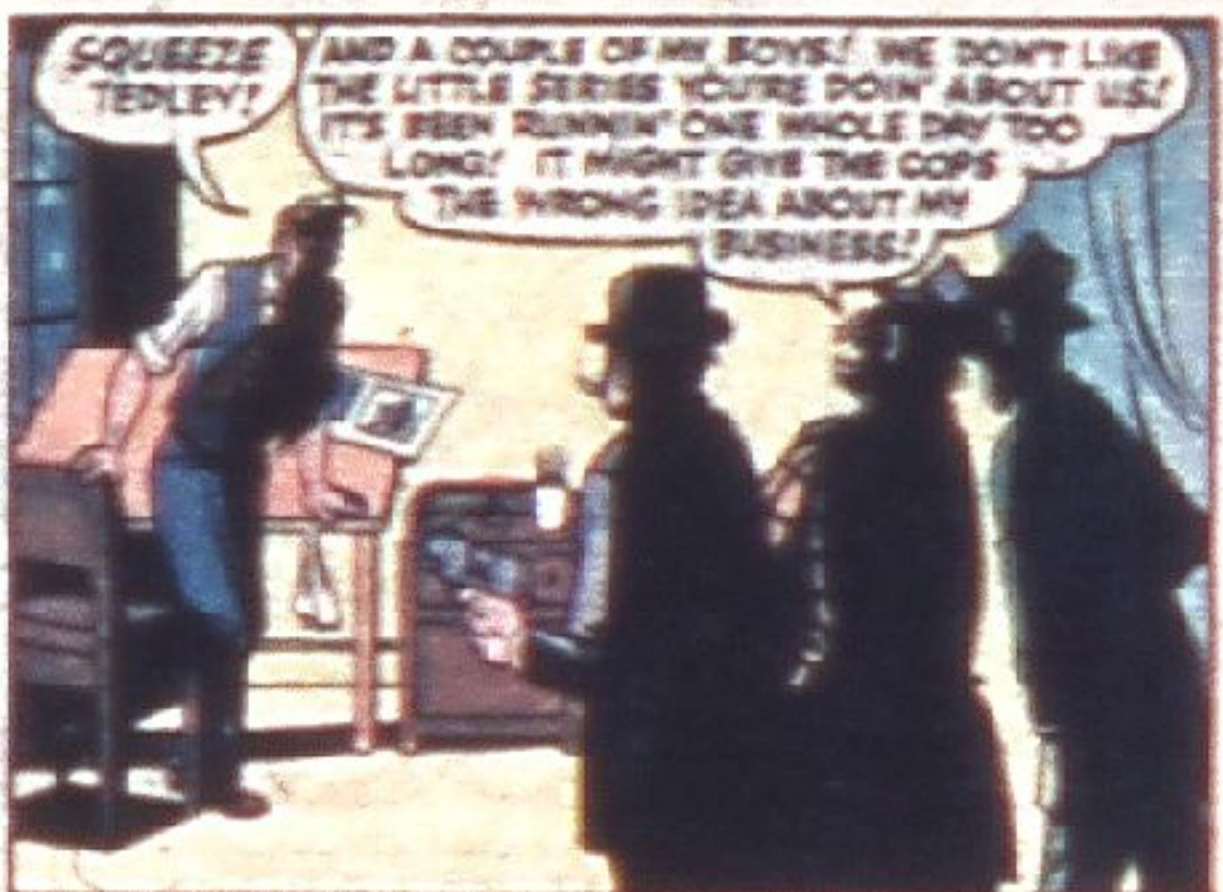
AH, PRAYED FO' RAIN--
TAINT NO MORE AH
KIN DO!

PEN MILLER, CARTOONIST
DETECTIVE, BASES HIS
DAILY STRIPS ON HIS REAL
LIFE ADVENTURES!

PEN MILLER



"WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU
TO OVERWORK, MILLER,
ON YOUR FEET!"



"SQUEEZE
TEDLEY!"

"AND A COUPLE OF MY BOYS! WE DON'T LIKE
THE LITTLE SERIES YOU'RE DOIN' ABOUT US!
IT'S BEEN RUNNIN' ONE WHOLE DAY TOO
LONG! IT MIGHT GIVE THE COPS
THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT MY
BUSINESS!"



"AND THEN AGAIN IT MIGHT
GIVE THEM THE RIGHT IDEA
— WHICH IS WHAT I'M TRYING
TO DO!"

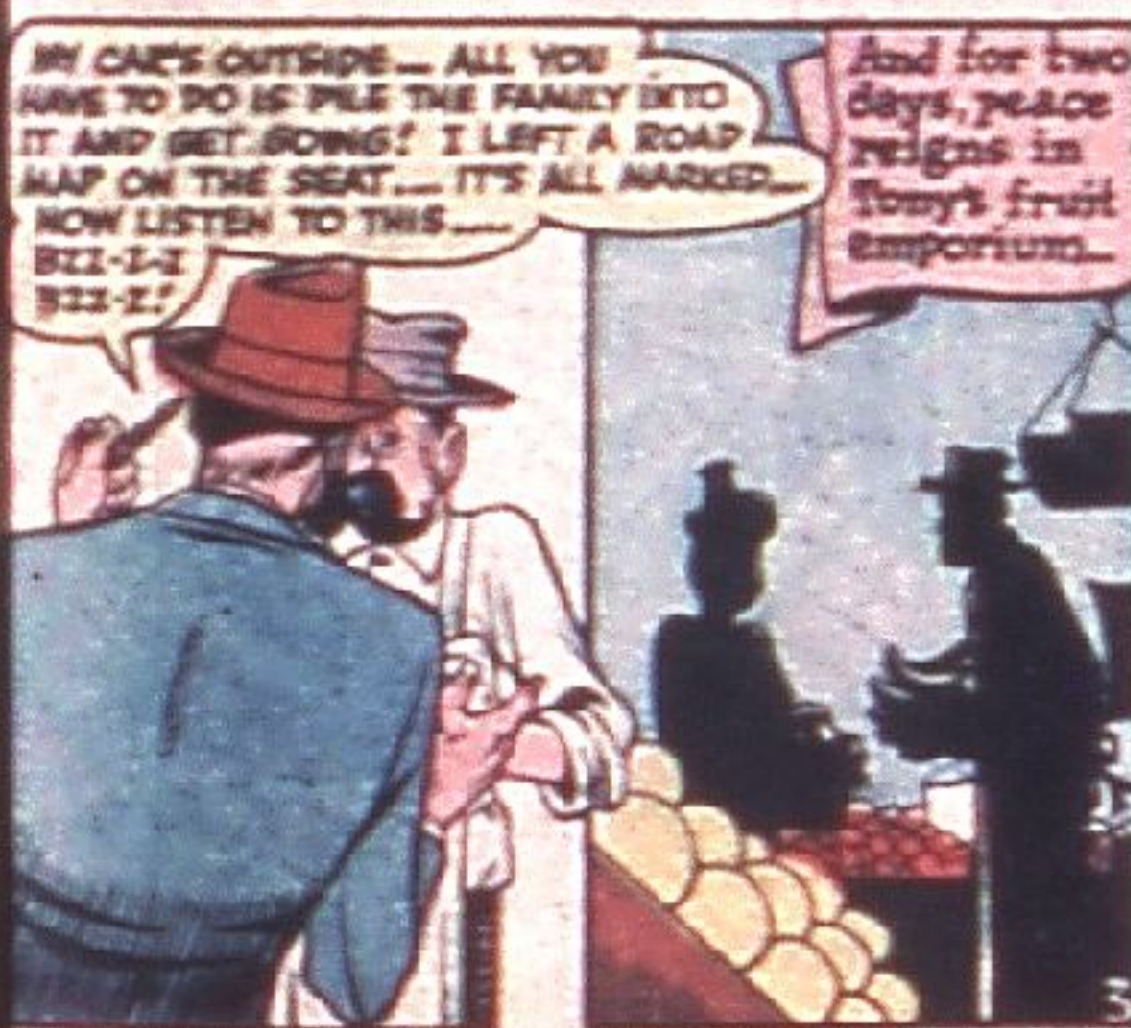
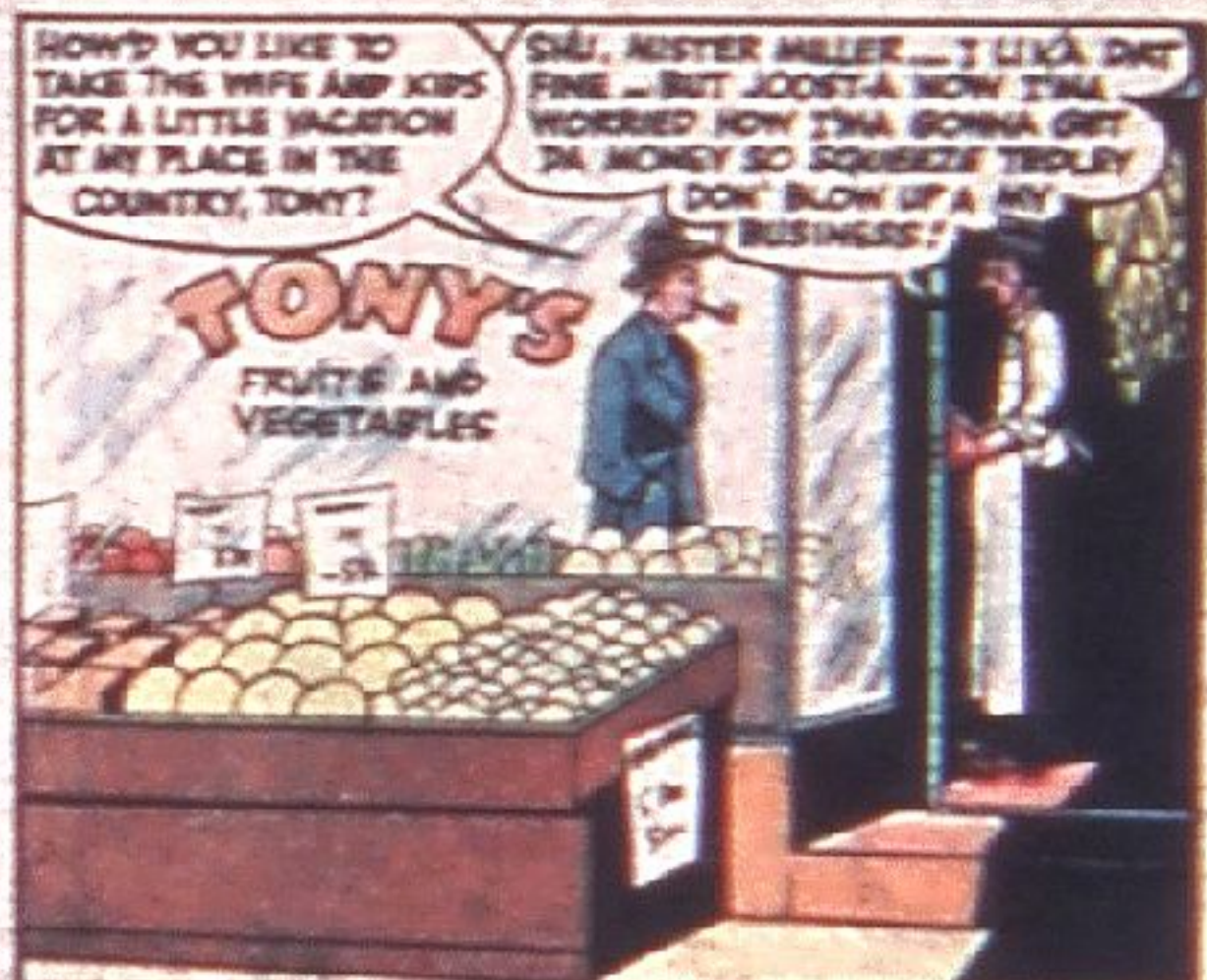
"AS THE D.A. SAYS LAST
TIME IN IN A JAM—
THAT SUMS IT UP!"



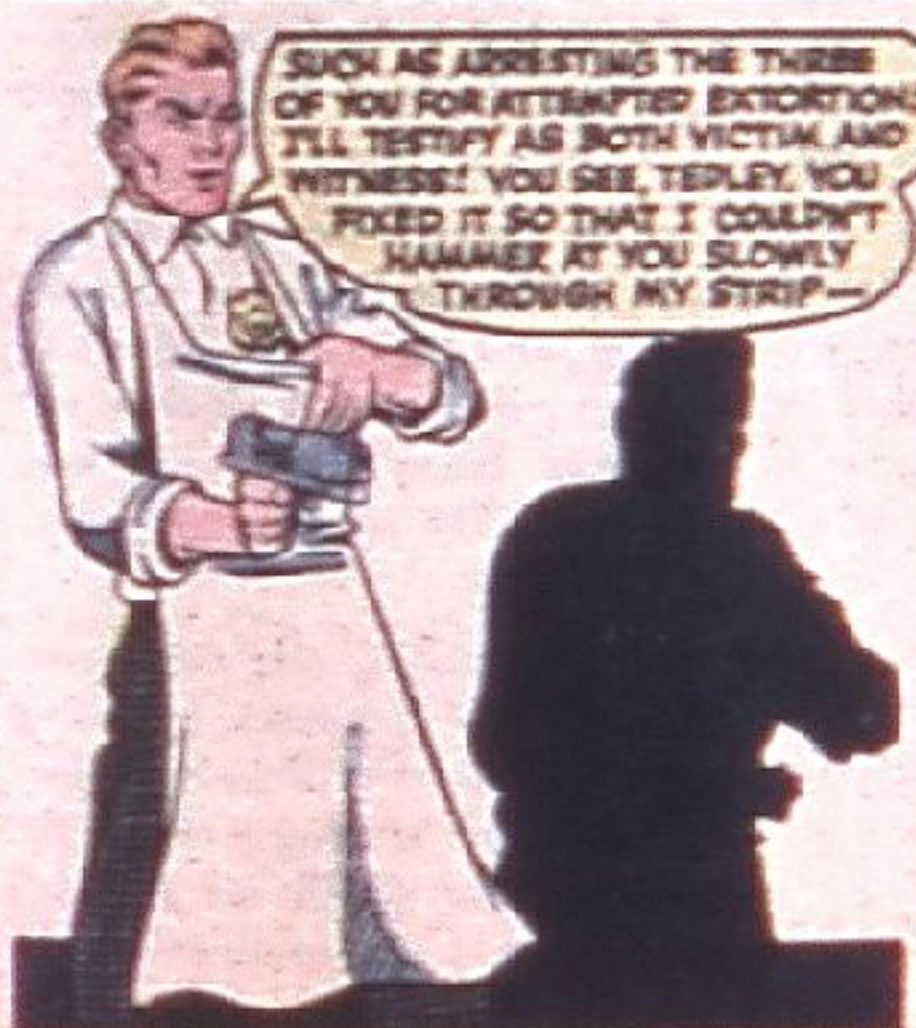
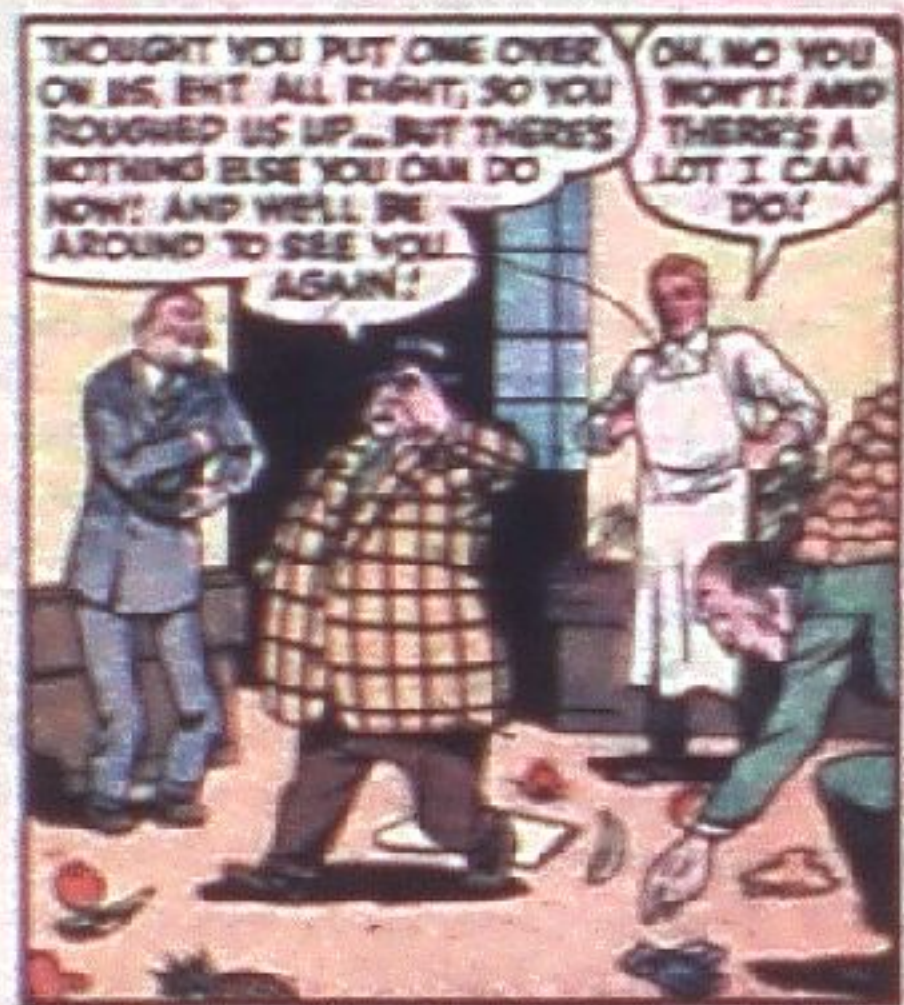
"NOW THIS IS WHERE WE STAND ON THE
SUBJECT? GENTLY, JOE! I DON'T WANT
HIM TO MISS
THE SHOW!"

"OH-HO!"









SAHARA FIREWORKS

THE tribesmen, burnoused and white-robed, rode at a mad pace across the desert, yelling and hooting. It was a motley gang of cut-throats, led by a renegade.

The small government group making geo-physical tests on the edge of the N'pangi were caught totally unaware and unprotected. The tribesmen were upon them from all sides and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were all dead.

High above the desert a small plane circled the spot and the pilot looked down through glasses at the scene of carnage. Eric Vale, flying for the government group, ground his teeth. It was not the fault of the desert men; rather, it was solely the dirty work of that unspeakable renegade, Topham Crane.

Topham Crane was a match for Lord Haw Haw. Like the latter, he thought himself duped out of something he wanted by his country. Like Haw Haw, he turned to the enemy in his revenge and sold information. By selling it, he was awarded huge oil grants in the desert.

England had no intention of permitting Topham Crane to get away with his dastardly trick. He was a dead pigeon once he fell into the hands of any government agent, or the army.

But Topham Crane was a trickster from 'way back. He knew the desert. He knew the desert people. But better than all, he was a psychologist of no ill repute. And a fixer.

Eric Vale flew back to headquarters and reported what he had seen. Colonel Evarts' heavy face flamed a brick-red.

"The dirty low-life scoundrel!" he blared. "If I ever get my hands on his stringy neck—"

"We'll get him," Eric promised. "Now he has all the tribesmen stirred up to revolt. It's going to be tough on any of the crews they catch. We must be very careful."

"What do you advise?" asked the colonel.

"Sudden death to Topham Crane. If only I were permitted to use bombs—"

"No dice," said the officer quickly. "Nothing would please me more than dropping some explosive on that rat, but it can't be done. That's war. If these

desert people are stirred up any more there'll be just that—war."

Eric knew the wisdom of those words, but he fretted in his inability to render Crane helpless.

A few days later, another test group was surrounded and nearly every member killed by Topham Crane's army.

Headquarters in London put the matter into Col. Evarts' hands entirely. Whatever the colonel thought was the solution, that was the thing to do. He had carte blanche.

"There is one thing I can do," he told Eric. "I can send a detachment of soldiers against these chaps. Colonial police, you know. After all, this is British territory. We can be unobtrusive about the thing."

"Why can't I be deputized to carry out my little plan?" Eric asked.

"I'm afraid of that, Vale," said the colonel. "We'll try this stunt first, and then—"

Eric continued to fly patrol over the vast reaches of the Sahara. There were at least a dozen groups of geo-physicists in the region, all of them bent upon one thing: finding oil deposits for the government. Oil was becoming a scarce commodity all over the world. In fact, recent figures revealed that there was about enough oil remaining unpumped for 15 years at the most. New domes had to be found, or automobiles and many other wheels of industry would cease to turn.

There was oil in the Sahara Desert; that had been discovered some years earlier. The difficulty was getting equipment into the remote places to drill—then getting the product out. A pipeline was in progress of being laid. Heavy army trucks were being pressed into service. The job was tough, but possible.

Topham Crane was enterprising. He continually increased his ragtag army of tribesmen by giving them bright promises of freedom of British domination, and much gold. Where he hoped to get the gold didn't matter. The natives fell for it. They joined up and willingly went against their ancient enemies.

Another group of testers was wiped out while asleep in their camp after a long, hot day at shovels and instruments. The thing was becoming unbearable.

Eric felt that if he could get Topham Crane, the tribesmen would not have the nerve to keep up their attacks. Our bomb would do the trick!

Intelligence kept up a fair flow of information on the movements of Topham Crane's outlaws, but there were things that only Taurags and Berbers knew how to do, things that no Britisher would understand, much less combat.

More and more white men died under the speeding rushes of desert men. It would soon be time for the annual simoons, when activities would have to cease. Nothing lived through these terrible sand storms. It was all a camel could do to take them. Flying would have to stop then, too.

During the next few weeks, things went on about as usual. It was getting increasingly more difficult to find volunteers for the testing groups. You could not blame those fellows; they went forth on virtual suicide missions. But England had to have oil!

The British lion was roaring and lashing its tail. Colonel Everts was cursing and stamping back and forth in front of headquarters tent. That morning another group had fought a losing battle against a horde of Taurags. Some had escaped, a pitiful few.

Then, suddenly the tribesmen quit altogether. It was as if the desert men had all died. Nothing was heard of Topham Crane. The silence of the desert was not broken by the maniacal yells of attacking shiks.

"They're up to something, mark my words," said Col. Everts. "This silence bodes no good."

"Maybe Crane got bumped off," someone hazarded.

Everts wasn't impressed with that possibility. "Rats!" he barked. "He's cooking up some new devilry, that's what he's up to."

Eric flew the long reaches of the desert from dawn to dark, without seeing a bobbing speck on the yellow surface. It was puzzling.

No one knew Crane's headquarters, not even Intelligence. The man had become a phantom, an eerie monster who appeared as if by magic at some camp, then was gone, howling into the horizons.

Eric flew far in every direction, taking long chances on running out of petrol. Even to the low

foothills toward the east and south. But no Topham Crane nor wild tribesmen. It was as if a plague had crept upon them all and snuffed them out. But Eric didn't believe it. He thought as did Col. Everts, that Topham Crane was brewing some new cauldron of hate.

The idea came to Eric one evening while lying on his bunk, tired after a long day of flying and straining his eyes into the serene distances. It was such an idea that he feared to tell Col. Everts. The Old Man was one of those stout fellows who had served his country a long time, and believed in brisk measures. Eric's idea would strike him as infantile, foolish.

The next day Eric dispatched a lengthy cable to London, to a certain firm he knew, and went about his business. Two weeks passed with still no word of Crane nor his henchmen. Then one morning a creaking caterpillar truck lumbered across the desert and deposited on the sand in front of headquarters a large wooden box.

Eric told no one what the box contained. Furtively he got it into his tent and unpacked it without an audience. It was filled with strange materials. But then Eric was bent on a strange mission!

Intelligence dropped a bombshell one day with the announcement that a huge army was preparing for a concerted move against every Britisher in the desert. It was forming in the hills, some fifty miles away from headquarters. Clever camouflage had hidden it from Eric's eyes, but he knew the spot and had flown over it dozens of times. Now was the time!

Eric packed his plane with the things he wanted, and waited. Came word one night that the enemy army was on the march—thousands of tribesmen. Eric took off. He spiralled upward, gaining altitude. His scheme required great height, where the sound of his engine could not be heard. At 30,000 feet, he leveled off. The army should be almost below him. Then he cast out a sputtering instrument. The sputtering grew into a long streamer of red fire, which shot downward. Then it burst into a great pall of green flame, lighting up the desert for miles. Through the green flame there suddenly burst a mile-high message written in blood red letters:

"Turn back. Lay down your arms. It is Allah's command!"

Eric couldn't hear the cacophany of sound the message caused. But the Arabs flung their weapons down and turned tail for the hills. It was the end of the uprising. It was the end of Topham Crane, too.

FLOOGY the Fiji



I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING IN MY BONES TODAY — THINK I'LL SOOTHE MYSELF WITH A LITTLE FISHING!



BOOM



GOSH — DRUMS! — BEATING IN A FUNNY RHYTHM!



THAT KINFA REMINDS ME OF THE STORIES POP TELLS OF THE OLD TRIBAL WAR DANCES — 'CAUSE THAT'S NO JIVE BEAT!



YOW!
AND THAT'S NO BATON IN HIS HAND!







JUST NAIL A
FEW OLD BOARDS
TOGETHER---



A PAIR OF
DARK GLASSES
TO CONFUSE
HIM---



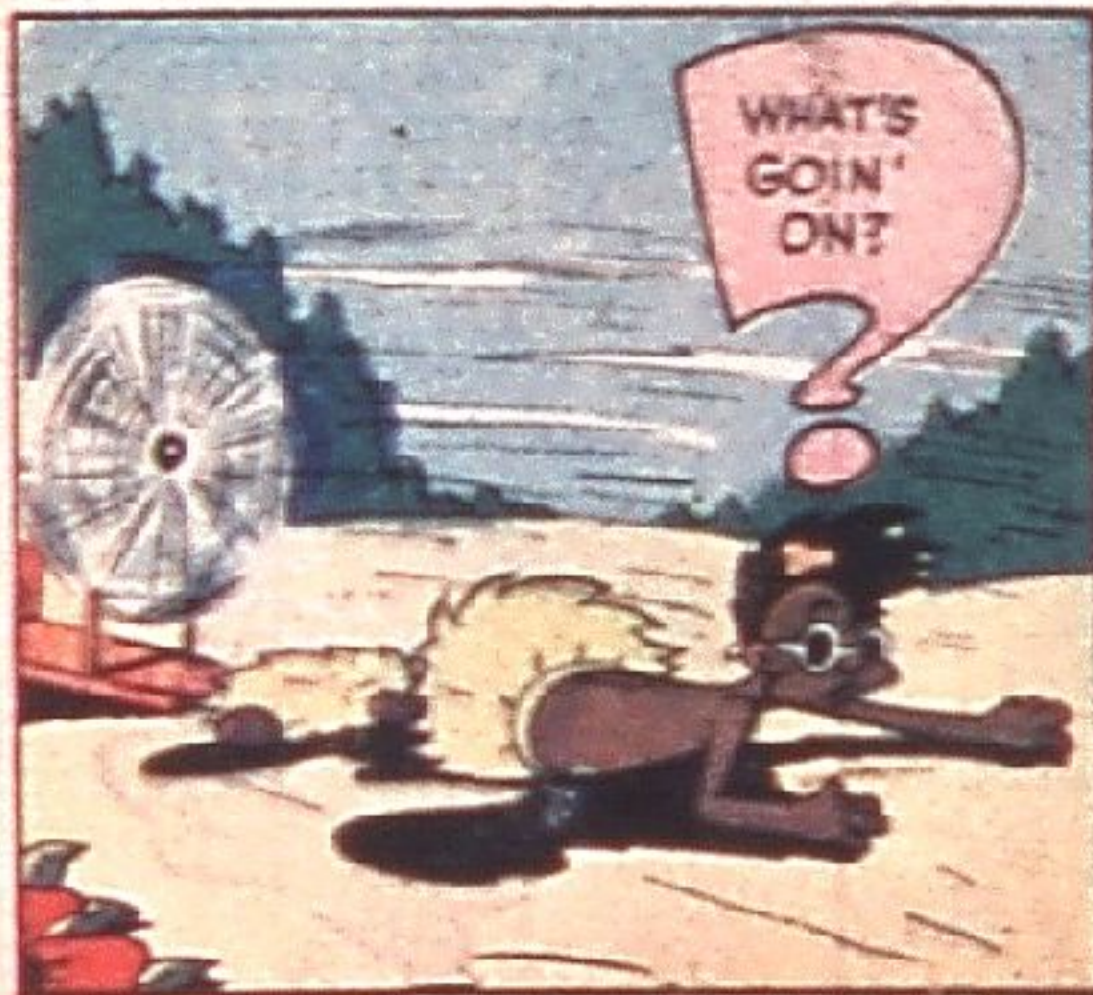
AND I'M ALL
SET---



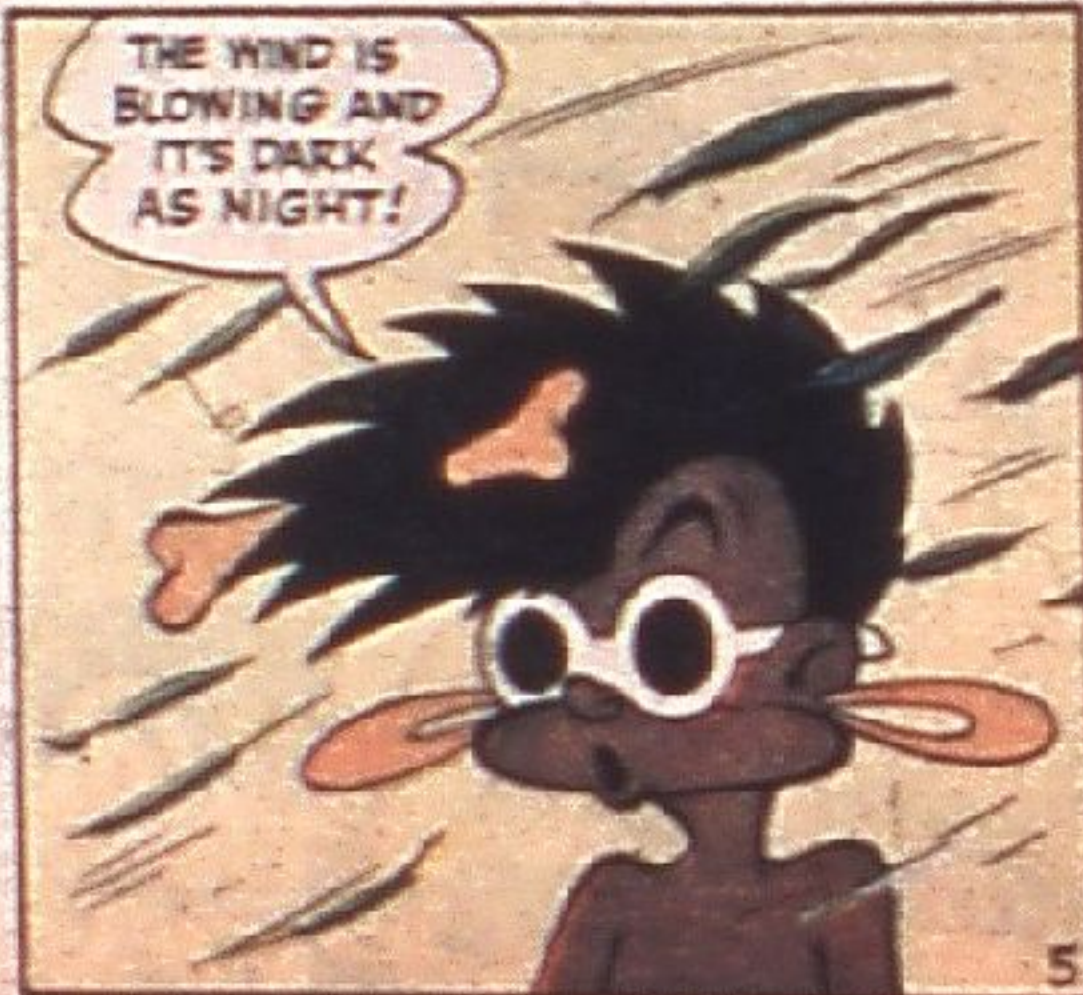
--TO GIVE HIM
A LITTLE AIR
CONDITIONING!

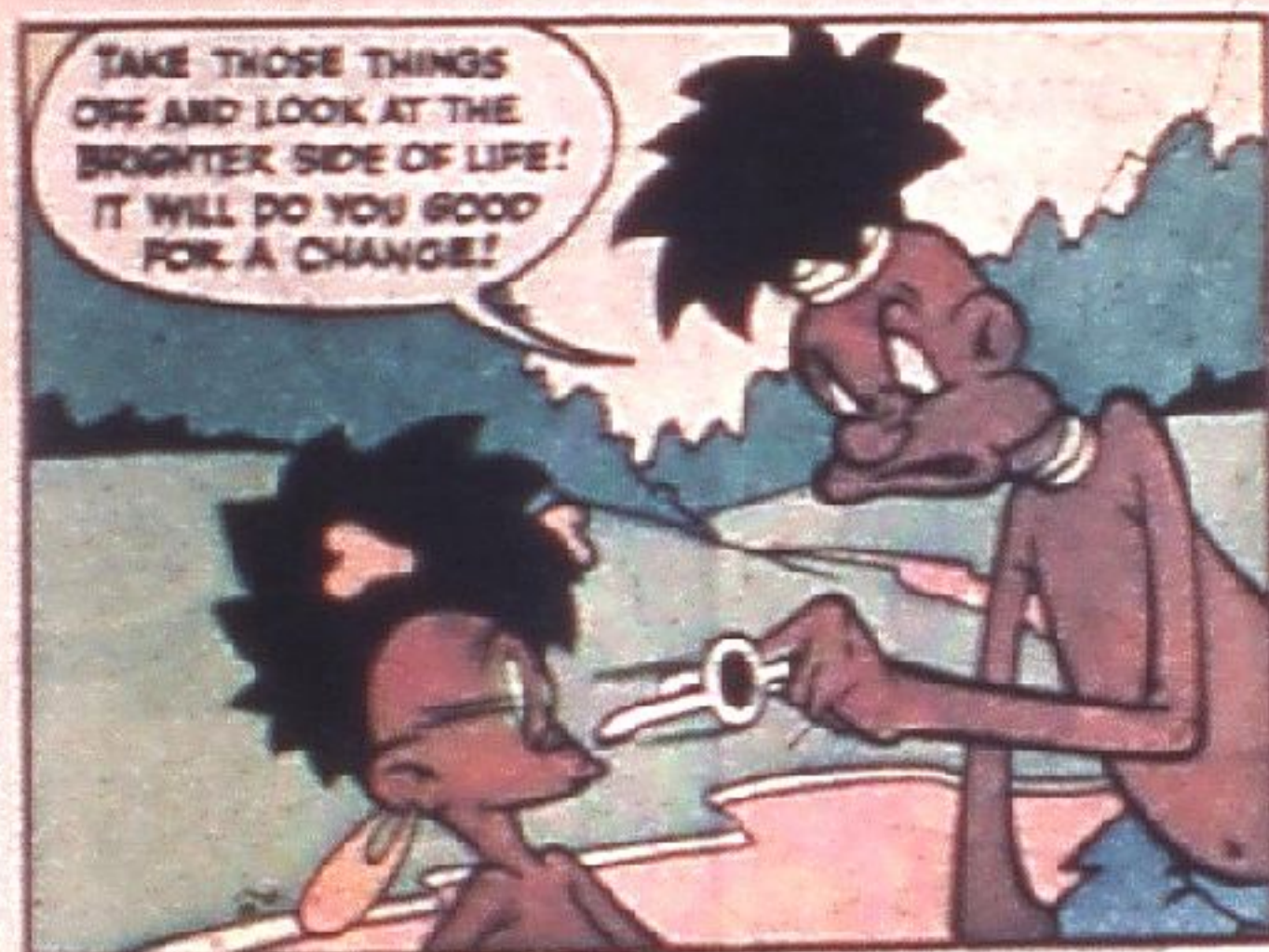


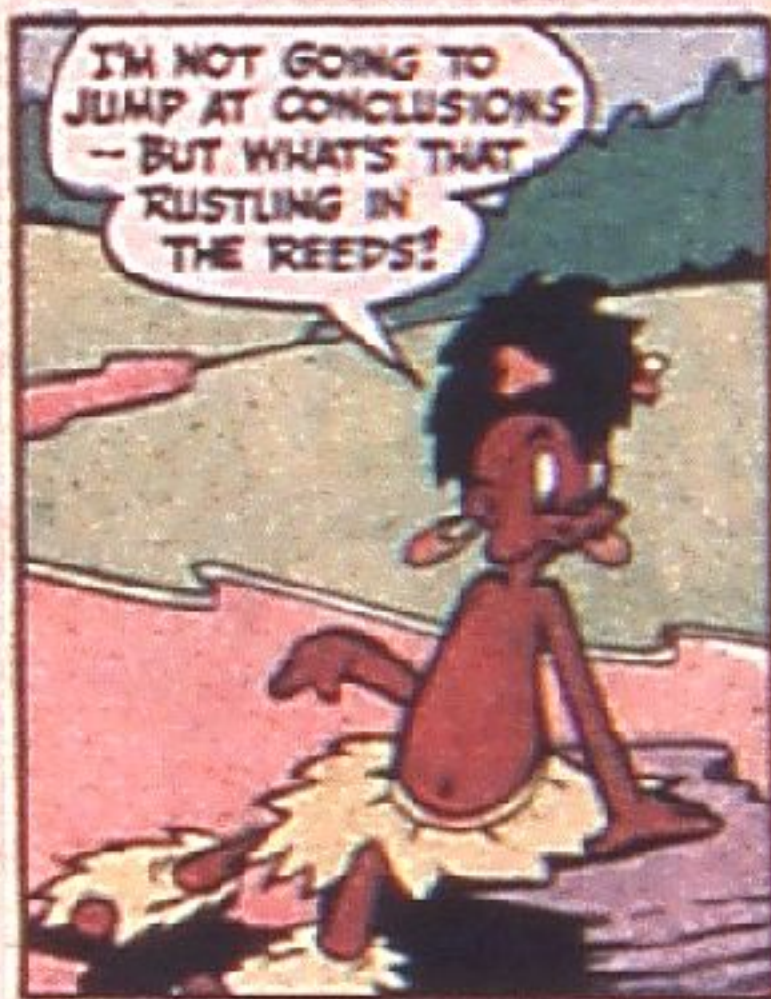
WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?

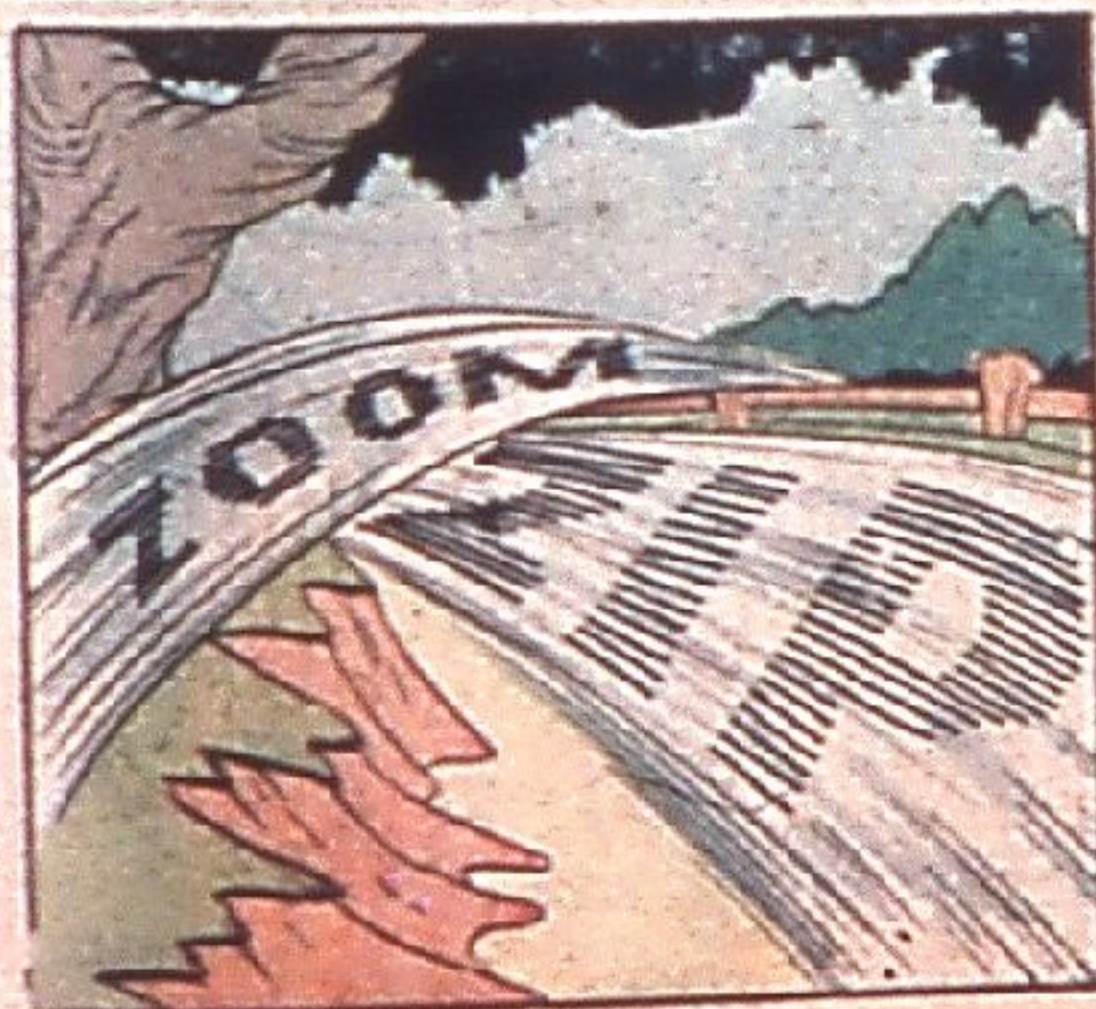
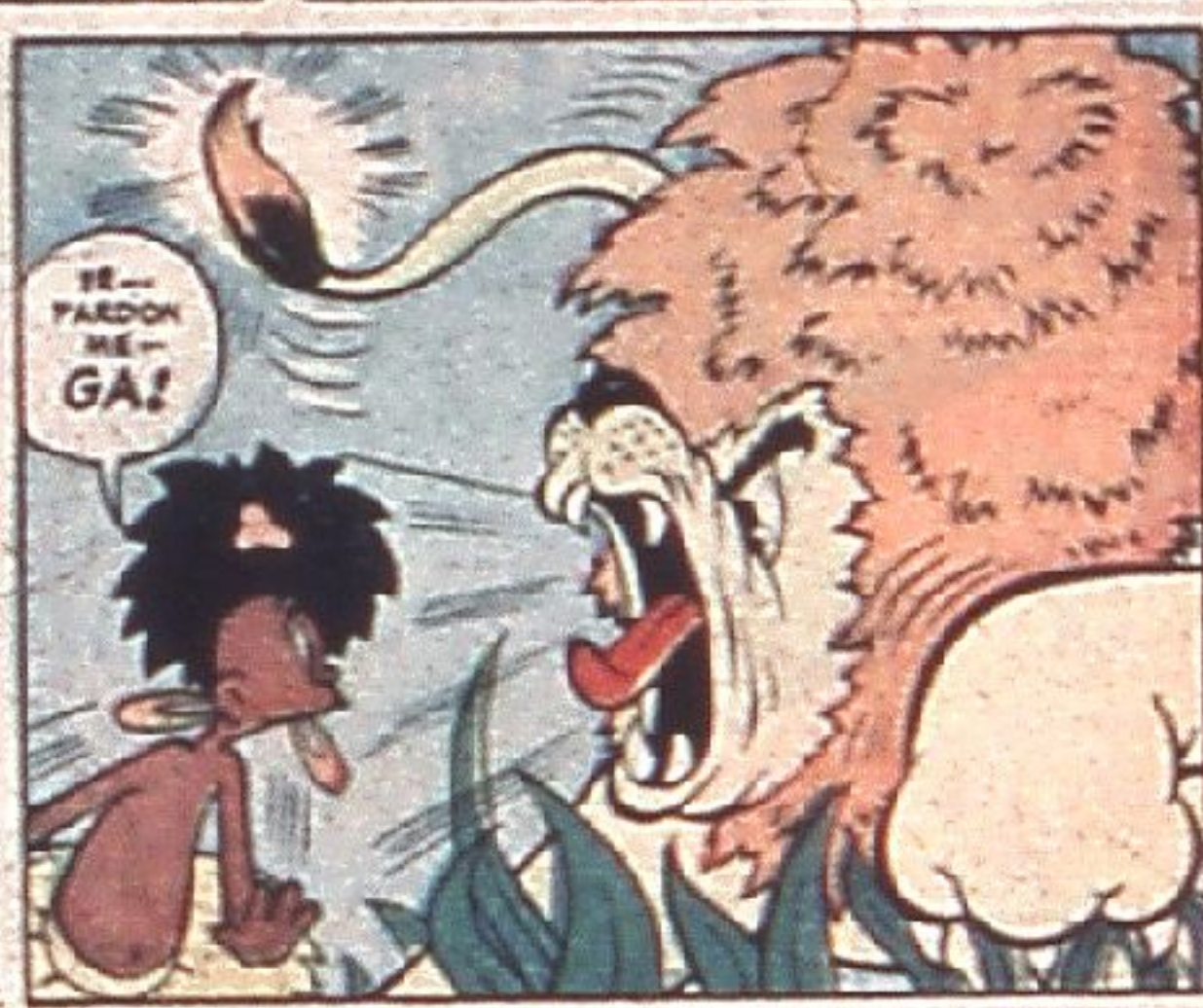


THE WIND IS
BLOWING AND
IT'S DARK
AS NIGHT!









BEEZY

By DIB

The Bumbles have rented a cottage in the Mervickiwacki Woods on placid Lake Fanspinkpants!

HOW DID YOU EVER LAND IT SO EASY, MOTHER?

I DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE A BIT OF TROUBLE! —AND GOT IT AT A BIG BARGAIN, TOO!

BUT NOT GETTING GYPED SOMEHOW GIVES ME A STRANGE, UNEASY FEELING!

SAY, THIS LOOKS LIKE A REAL SHARP LAYOUT, SIS!



A BEE LIST...

SAY, BETTY, D'YA KNOW THERE'S A BIT OF A MYSTERY GOIN' AROUND THIS COTTAGE COLONY?

GO AHEAD! DISH THE DRACULA, MY GOOD GULLIBLE FRIEND!



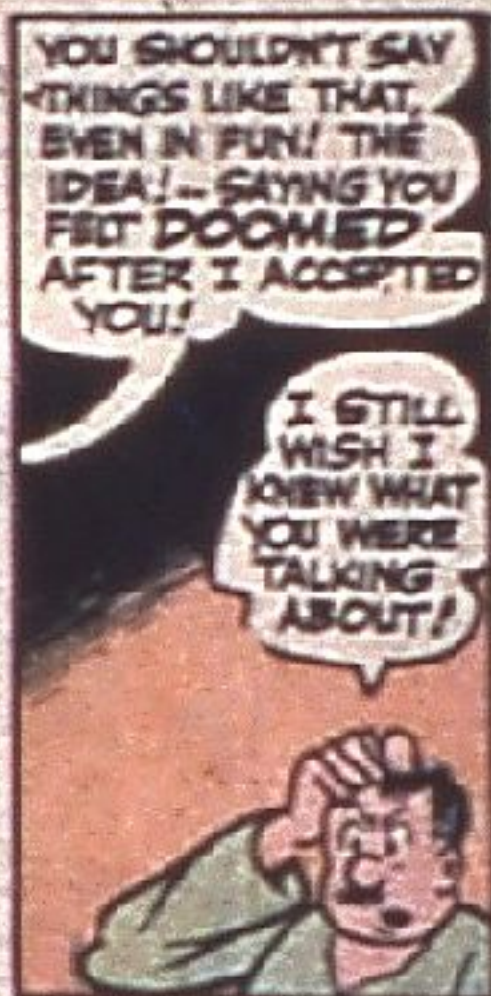
DON'T TELL MOM, BUT I WAS TALKIN' TO AN OLD GUY AT THE STATION AND HE SAID NOBODY'LL RENT ANY O' THE COTTAGES AROUND HERE ANY MORE ON ACCOUNT OF A GHOST THAT'S BEEN PROWLIN' THE WOODS AND PEEKIN' IN WINDOWS AT NIGHT!

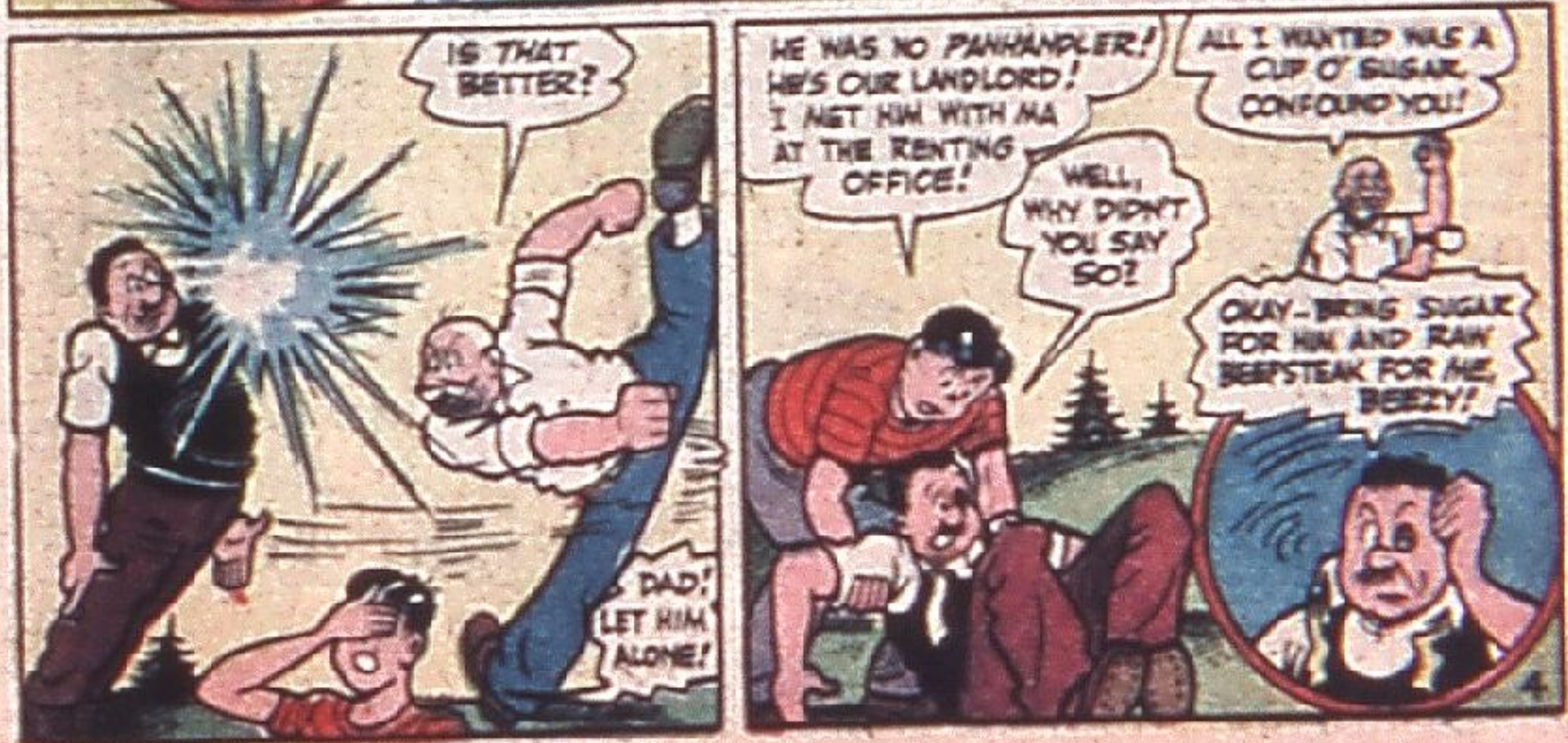
SWELL! I'M SURE OF AT LEAST ONE BOY FRIEND, ANYWAY!

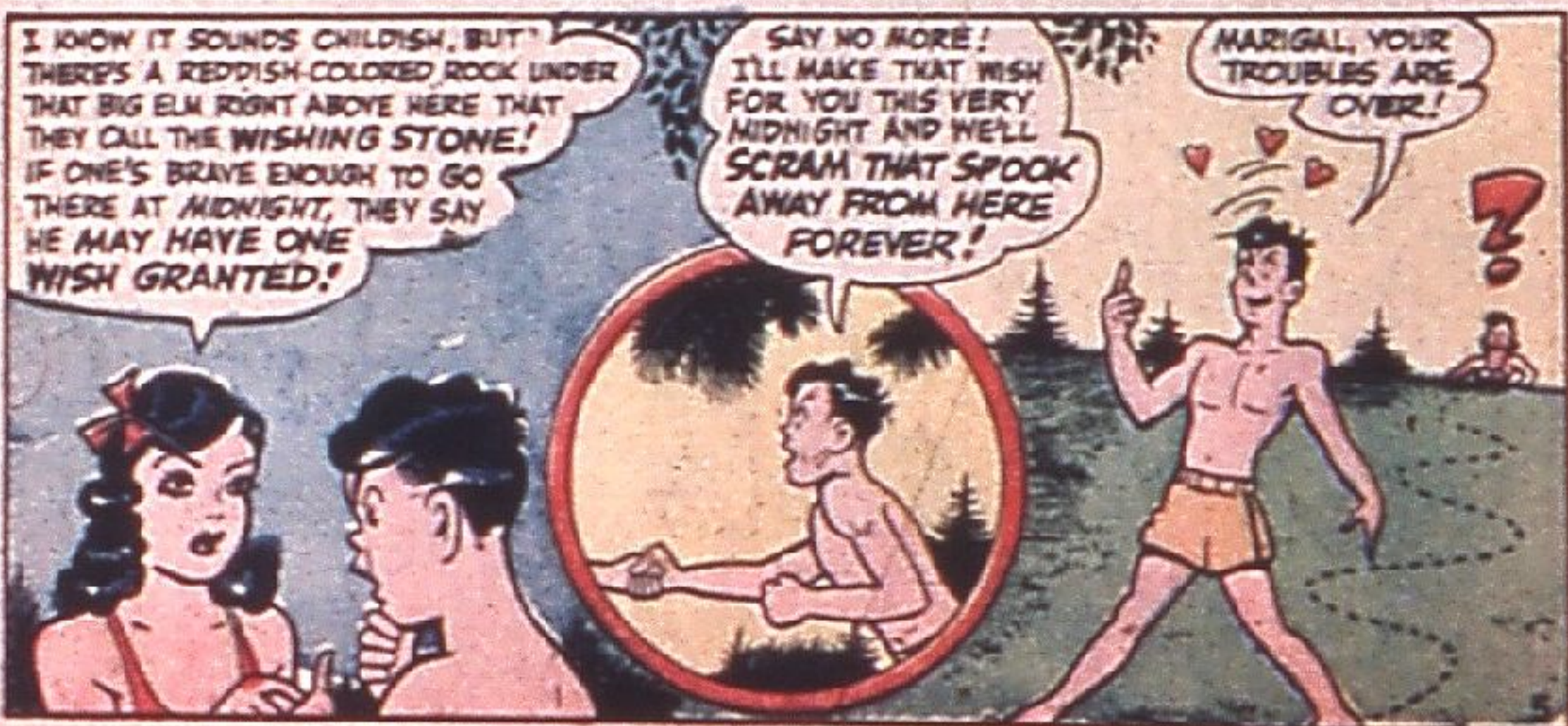




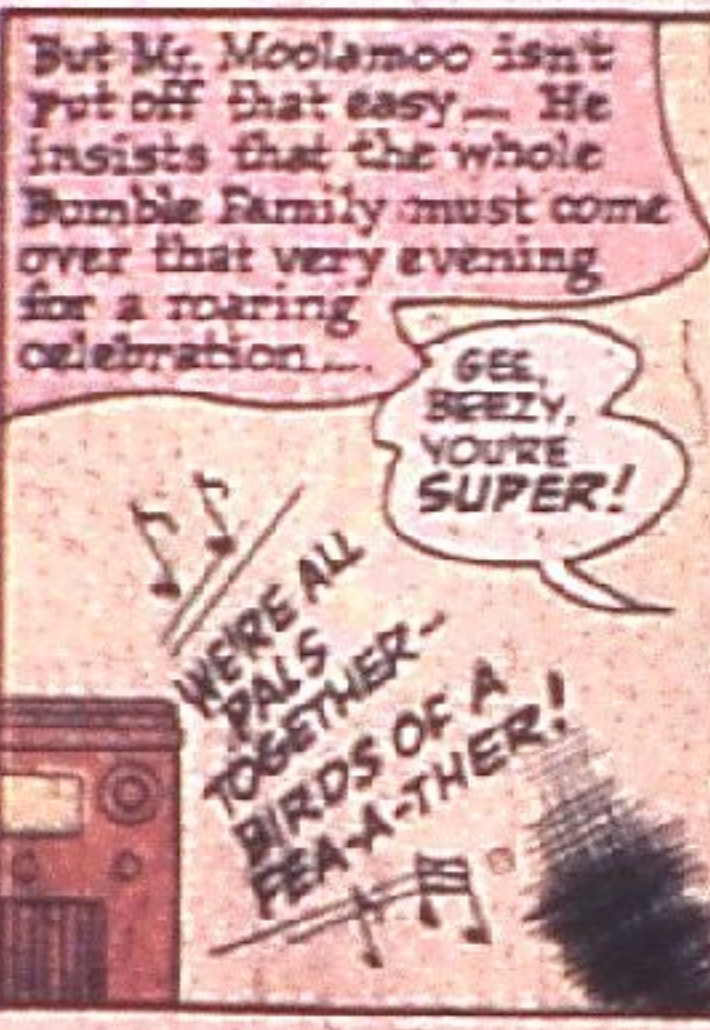
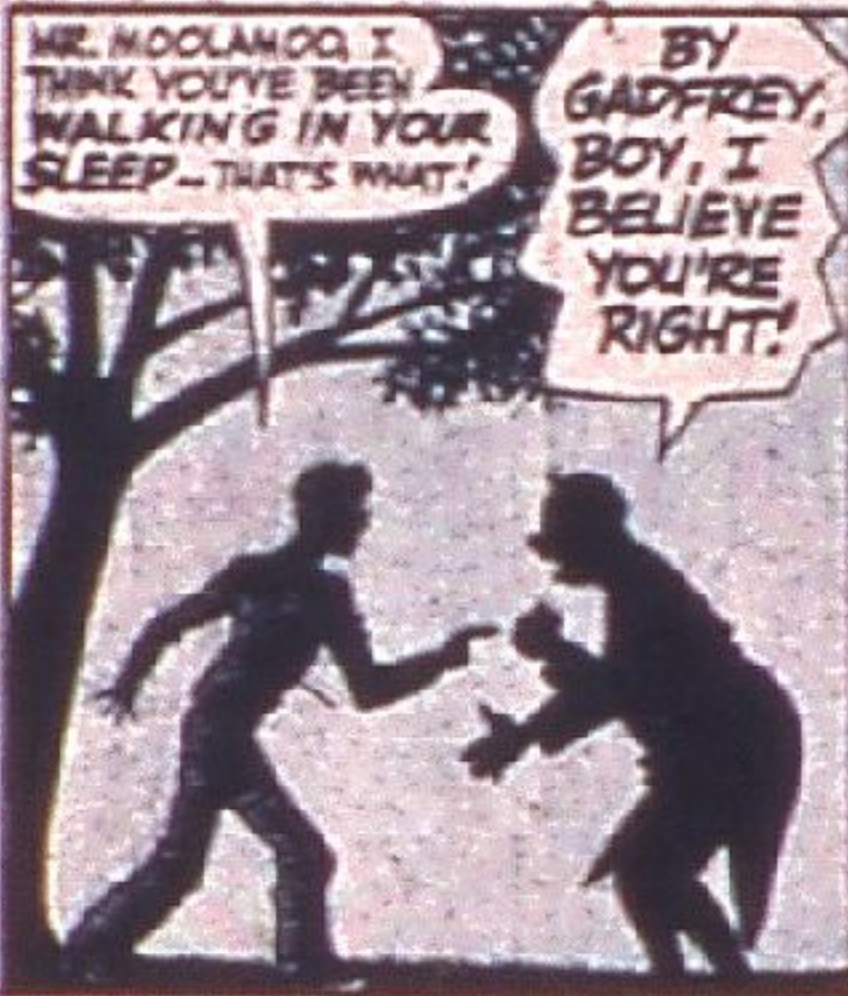
CRACK COMICS







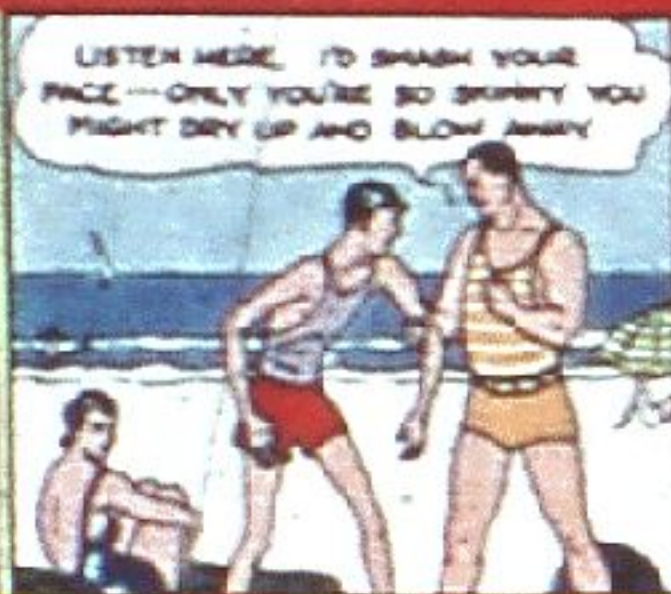
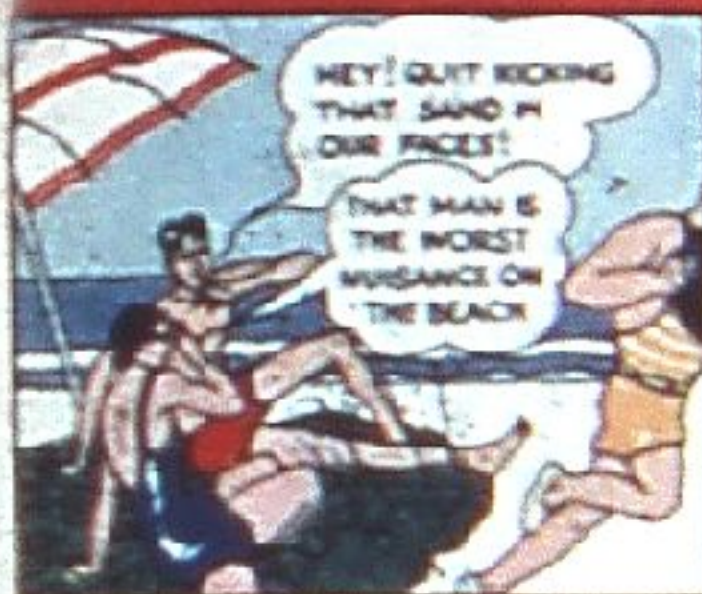




But Mr. Moolamoo isn't put off that easy— He insists that the whole Bumble Family must come over that very evening for a roaring celebration....

WE'RE ALL
PALS
TOGETHER—
BIRDS OF A
FEA-A-THER!

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-chanked, straggly weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this way,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man! **FREE BOOK**

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 88J, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 88J
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 14 for Booklet A

How to Avoid these "BOOBY TRAPS" in your home!

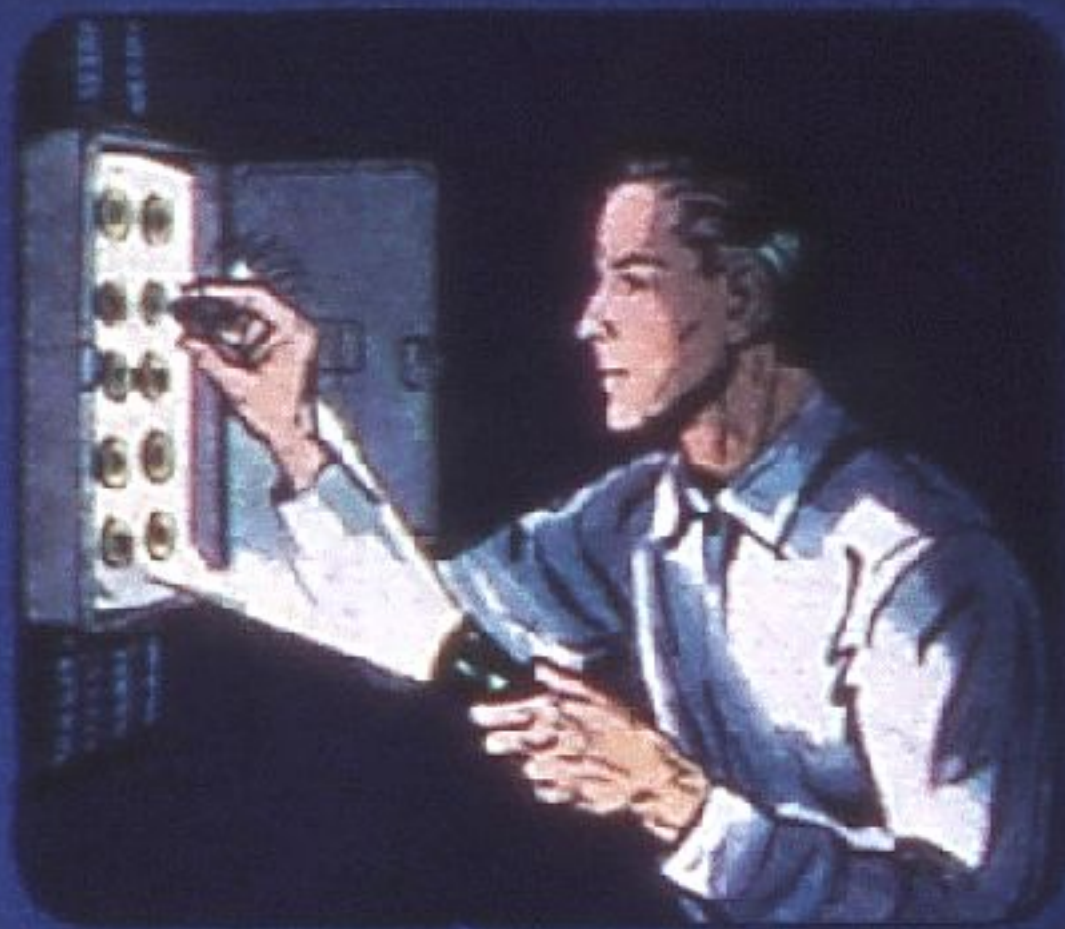
*What you can't see CAN hurt you
—says the National Safety Council*



1 About 3,000,000 Americans are injured every year at home—15,000 fatally. Tumblepots might cause falling, or rather than hit a dark staircase, stumbling about in the dark, slippery floors, there can be hidden "booby traps." Carry your "Eveready" flashlight in dark areas.



2 Be sure all obstacles are cleared away. Luggage or car-packing should be stacked down firmly. In stair or hall areas, walls will have objects or handrails that are moved against the wall. Don't rely on your knowledge of where obstacles are located—the next person may not know.



3 Know in advance where your furniture, chairs, vases and pots, vases, etc., are located. Be sure you have a clear path to them. Armed with your "Eveready" flashlight, you can approach without fumbling in an emergency. Be sure items which are so placed that you won't trip over them.

4 Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're now available.

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Div. of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

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trade mark
"Eveready" distin-
guishes products of
National Carbon
Company, Inc.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



For
EXTRA
POWER,
EXTRA LIFE
—AT NO
EXTRA COST